

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Extracts from Notices.

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POETRY.

THE DEATH OF PUCK,	770	ERE AGE CAME NEAR AND YOUTH
FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH,	770	HAD GONE,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

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THE DEATH OF PUCK.

I.

I FEAR that Puck is dead — it is so long
Since men last saw him — dead with all the
rest

Of that sweet elfin crew that made their
nest
In hollow huts, where hazels sing their song;

Dead and forever, like the antique throng
The elves replaced; the Dryad that you
guessed

Behind the leaves; the Naiad weed-bed-
dressed;
The leaf-eared Faun that loved to lead you
wrong.

Tell me, thou hopping Robin, hast thou met
A little man, no bigger than thyself,
Whom they call Puck, where woodland bells
are wet?

Tell me thou Wood-Mouse, has thou seen an
elf

Whom they call Puck, and is he seated yet,
Capped with a snail-shell on his mushroom
shelf?

II.

The Robin gave three hops, and chirped, and
said:

"Yes, I knew Puck, and loved him; though
I trow
He mimicked oft my whistle chuckling low;
Yes, I knew cousin Puck; but he is dead.

We found him lying on his mushroom bed —
The Wren and I — half covered up with
snow,

As we were hopping where the berries grow,
We think he died of cold. Ay, Puck is fled."

And then the Wood-Mouse said: "We made
the Mole,

The old, blind Mole, dig deep beneath the
moss
And four big Dormice placed him in the hole.

The Squirrel made with sticks a little cross;

Puck was a Christian elf, and had a soul;
And all we velvet jackets mourn his loss."

Academy.

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.

ERE AGE CAME NEAR AND YOUTH HAD
GONE.

BALLADE.

You laugh because, oh, rosy boy,
My eyes are dimmer than of yore,
Bid me my spectacles employ,
And say I'm aging more and more.
'Tis true, dear lad, for you upsoar
The larks in skies yet pink with dawn,
O'er pleasant paths I dared explore,
Ere age came near and youth had gone.

Laugh on; your brisk and boyish joy
Nor takes my youth nor can restore.
Time shall the brightest eyes destroy,
While shadows creep across the floor.
We, far at sea, still love the shore,
In azure distance slow withdrawn,
We love the mocking face we wore,
Ere age came near and youth had gone.

Too soon would ruthless Time's annoy
Chase smiles from lips whose May is o'er,
Life's brightest gold prove base alloy,
And mute the lark her skies upbore,
Save that we human love implore.

He bids revive the faded lawn,
And, as of old, the larks outpour,
Ere age came near and youth had gone.

ENVOY.

Who loves his kind can Time ignore —
All youth and joy he holds in pawn,
And smiles in age, blithe as before,
Ere age came near and youth had gone.

CHARLES NOBLE GREGORY.

Chicago Herald.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

By wintry sun's declining glow
A wanderer found
Modelled in freshly fallen snow
A curious mound.

Was it the humor of the storm,
Or Nature's jest,
To mimic thus a fowl's plump form
And rounded nest?

Not so, — for when the snowy mask
He brushed aside,
A duck sat patient o'er her task
There — as she died.

Huddled beneath the downy breast
Sweet treasures lay,
Which she with anxious care had pressed
That cruel day;

And braved long hours the blinding flakes,
The wild wind's moan,
And crushing cold, — all for their sakes,
Her nestling own.

No mate to cheer with voice or food, —
The last friend gone, —
Sole guardian of a numerous brood,
She still sat on:

Nor ever in that bosom stirred
Of doubt a ghost,
But, mother-like, the simple bird
Died at her post.

Rest well, fond martyr, love-endowed,
With love content;
The whitest snow shall build thy shroud
And monument.

Spectator.

E. S.

From The Quarterly Review.
GREATER BRITAIN.*

As the nineteenth century enters upon its last decade, at a moment when the greatness of the British Empire and the destiny of the English race command the attention of all the peoples of the world, it is interesting to look backwards a hundred years to see what was the position of England on the face of the globe at the corresponding period of the last century.

In 1790, Great Britain was only beginning to recover from a blow so severe, that it would have destroyed the vitality of any other nation as a colonizing power. When France lost Canada on the plains of Abraham, a term was put forever to her colonial enterprise; the earth's surface is still dotted at rare intervals with her possessions, but they are conquered dependencies and are only in official sense colonies. When Spain lost her empire in the western hemisphere, she had fallen hopelessly into decadence. But the loss of her American colonies seems only to have stimulated the expansive energy of England. Her remaining possessions, though vast in extent, gave little promise, even to the most sanguine patriot, of becoming the nucleus of the mightiest empire the world has ever seen. On the American continent the French settlements around Quebec, which the revolted colonists had helped us to win, remained under the British flag; and United Empire Loyalists, from New England and from New York, were rearing new homes in the Acadian territory of Nova Scotia or among the Indian tribes on the shores of Ontario. The outlying island of Newfoundland was ours, as were the Bermudas, the Bahamas, Jamaica, and Barbados. At the other end of the world the first step had just been taken towards the consolidation of the Indian Empire by the establishment of the Board of Control, and the first governor-general under the new constitution was Lord Cornwallis, whose surrender at York-

town had made the United States an independent nation. The Dutch were still the masters of Ceylon as they were of the Cape of Good Hope, and the only English stations in Africa were on the swamps of the western coast.

Such were the British possessions outside Europe a hundred years ago; but two events had just occurred which were destined to add to the empire territories vaster than those which had been secured by the arms of Clive or of Wolfe, and as rich as the regions over which the thirteen revolted colonies were in time to extend their sway. The French Revolution had commenced, and the European strife it roused was not to be stilled until powers and dynasties were upset, out of the wreck of which England was fated to take spoils in every quarter of the globe; islands like Trinidad, Ceylon, Malta, and Mauritius, became subject to the British crown; and in South Africa the Anglo-Saxon race obtained its first foothold on a continent which, after many vicissitudes, it now seems likely to dominate as far as the equatorial lakes. The other event was peaceful, yet not less momentous. Little more than a year before the fall of the Bastille there landed at Botany Bay a shipload of English people who had forfeited their rights of citizenship, and from this deportation of convicts to a newly discovered land there has grown in a century the great Australasian dominion.

At the present time "the British Empire, with its protectorates, and even without counting its less defined spheres of influence, has an area of some nine million square miles, or, very roughly speaking, of nearly three Europes; revenues amounting to some two hundred and ten millions sterling, and half the sea-borne commerce of the world. This empire lying in all latitudes, produces every requirement of life and trade. . . . More than a hundred million people speak English as their chief tongue, and vastly more than that number as one of two languages; while four hundred millions of people are more or less directly under English rule." These words are quoted from the opening sentence of Sir Charles Dilke's new treatise upon the "Problems of Greater Britain," and their

* 1. *Problems of Greater Britain*. By the Right Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Bart. London, 1890.

2. *Thirty Years of Colonial Government*. A Selection from the Despatches and Letters of the Right Hon. Sir George Ferguson Bowen, G.C.M.G. Edited by Stanley Lane-Poole. London, 1889.

significance makes most opportune the appearance of this exhaustive review of the position and prospects of the British Empire, which, after a hundred years of progressive prosperity and increase, seems now to be approaching a crisis in its history which will probably be reached before the new century dawns.

The volumes which we have before us are the work of two public men, whose combined knowledge of the affairs of our colonial empire probably exceeds that of any other two living Englishmen. Sir Charles Dilke has often been spoken of as a statesman possessing a more thorough acquaintance with the "Problems of Greater Britain" than any other of his time, and the remarkable book to which he has given this title justifies his reputation. Sir George Bowen belongs to an earlier generation, and his distinguished career has endowed him with greater experience in the government of dependencies than has fallen to the lot of any of his contemporaries, with the exception of Sir Hercules Robinson. Under his administration the vast territory of Queensland was established as an independent colony; New Zealand was brought safely to the end of troublous years of conflict with the Maori race; and Victoria passed through a period of political crisis of extraordinary difficulty. We have referred to "Thirty Years of Colonial Government," as the work of Sir George Bowen, and we regret that this description of the book is not strictly accurate. We wish that the veteran "proconsul," as he likes to style himself, had put forth his volumes in the form of an autobiography, and had dispensed with the services of an editor. The vivacity of Sir George Bowen's narrative, whether in an official despatch to Lord Kimberley, or in a friendly letter written under the shadow of the wall of China to Mrs. Gladstone, makes it evident that an account of his life and works in the colonies from his own pen would have been highly entertaining. In one volume, three entire pages are taken up with a long quotation from "Oceana," describing Victorian life, and in the other there are three long excerpts from the original edition of "Greater Britain" referring to New Zea-

land. Valuable as are the impressions of a keen observer like Sir Charles Dilke, or of a master of the English language like Mr. Froude, every one interested in colonial questions is familiar with their well-known works, and every one who reads the record of Sir George Bowen's career would prefer to have the benefit of the opinions and descriptions of this experienced viceregent of the crown.

It would be impossible within reasonable limits to discuss critically even the chief subjects treated of in these two books. The one is nothing less than a complete digest of the social and political questions of greatest actual import to the communities of Greater Britain, while the other throws a light upon some of the problems thus set forth, in its chronicle of certain passages in the history of several important colonies. We propose, therefore, to take a rapid view of the present position of the English-speaking countries of the world and of the dependencies of the British crown, and to be guided in our survey by the eminent authors of these volumes, though in places we may feel bound to differ from their opinions or conclusions.

The nearest to the British islands of the dependencies of the crown outside Europe is the oldest of England's colonies. Newfoundland, although only a strip of its small area is inhabited, presents a remarkable number of peculiarities in its economy. It contains a larger proportion of population of Irish extraction than any other British possession, yet it is loyal to the imperial connection, and the only grievance which ever makes its people contemplate the possibility of union with the United States, is the supineness which they lay to the charge of the mother country in not protecting their interests against the aggressions of the fishermen of France. It is indeed an extraordinary anomaly that a British colony should not possess full rights over its own soil, since by frequently ratified treaties a large stretch of the coast is reserved for the use of the subjects of France, who chiefly inhabit the neighboring islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, and on "the French shore" no Newfound-

lander is permitted to erect a permanent habitation. The French government is tenacious of its rights, which can only be peaceably maintained on their part and suffered on ours by the exercise of great tact on both sides, and it is not likely that a permanent settlement will be effected until after an international re-arrangement which may be come to as a result of a European war.

A striking feature in the island is the prevalence of the truck system among the people engaged in the cod-fishing industry, which is the chief occupation of the inhabitants. Newfoundland possesses a coinage of its own, but although the British currency is the circulating medium in the alien Dutch territories of South Africa, and the rupee bearing the queen's effigy is current in the Portuguese province of Mozambique, our fellow-subjects, who endure a life of toilsome servitude around the fog-hidden banks, are rarely reminded of their allegiance to the crown by the sight of it stamped on gold or on silver. Nevertheless these hardy toilers may console themselves that they enjoy an extended electoral franchise, the like of which is not found elsewhere in the British Empire, manhood suffrage having been granted last year to all persons over the age of twenty-five. This peculiar limitation, which exists also in Japan and in Spain, is said to have been made from fear lest the restless youth of the colony should vote for federation with Canada. How long that arrangement will be delayed it is impossible to predict. The merchants of St. John's, who form the most influential portion of the community, are against it, as they dislike the prospect of a disarrangement of the tariff, which would have to be adjusted to that of the Dominion; but at the recent election the mercantile party was defeated, and Sir William Whiteway has become premier once more; consequently, as that able lawyer belongs to a profession which might reap advantage from union with Canada, the question of federation may be brought out of the abeyance into which it had fallen, though at the late election both sides emphatically repudiated all sympathy with the idea.

If the foggy channel between Newfoundland and Cape Breton could be bridged, not only would the outpost of the North American continent be more closely united with the Dominion, but the Atlantic voyage between England and Canada might be reduced to three and a half days, St. John's being little more than seventeen hundred miles from Queenstown. It is to be feared that the proposed establishment of a steam-ferry between the nearest points of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland is, by reason of the prevalence of fogs, tempests, and icebergs, as visionary as the building of a bridge over the straits. Halifax consequently must remain the port chiefly to be depended upon for direct communication between England and her great dependency on the North American continent. The capital of Acadia must always be a spot of great interest to all who have at heart the fortunes of the British Empire. Its streets of wooden houses, traversed with countless electric wires, have to Englishmen, who make it their first landing-place on the mainland, an unfamiliar appearance; yet, after travel and sojourn in the United States, Halifax revisited seems to bear the stamp of the old country. Hither a hundred years ago came a number of Loyalist settlers, refugees from the revolted colonies, and here the flag of England must continue to fly, whatever destiny is in store for the rest of the Canadian Dominion, as in the case of Canada ever throwing off its allegiance to the British crown, England would still adhere to Halifax as a naval and military station. We shall presently return to this question, but we mention it here, as Halifax is the only spot on the American continent where the red coats of the British army are seen. Scarlet uniforms indeed are met with often on the passage over English ground from the Atlantic to the Pacific; the queen's ships bring up as far as Quebec and Montreal their complements of Royal Marines; at Ottawa the governor-general's Guards are dressed after the pattern of the Household Infantry at home; in the north-west the smart patrols of mounted police resemble our heavy dragoons in undress; and at Vancouver Island the marines on the fleet are

once more encountered; but in a voyage round the world, after Halifax is left behind, the next military garrison of imperial troops is found in distant Hong-Kong.

The railway journey over the Interoceanic Road from the Maritime Provinces into Canada proper, with its lengthy detour to the north, makes the English traveller regret that the State of Maine is not included in British territory, as the greater part of it might have been had it not been for the unnatural boundary line drawn by the Ashburton Treaty of 1842, which Sir Charles Dilke justly describes as "a monument of that ignorance and neglect of national interest which have often unfortunately characterized the action of our imperial representatives." Sir George Bowen cannot have had a very vivid recollection of his brief visit to Quebec when he wrote, "If Englishmen of the present day desire to forecast what England will probably be politically fifty years hence, they should study what Australasia and Canada now are," inasmuch as the *habitants* of Lower Canada are Frenchmen of the eighteenth century, and not Anglo-Saxons of the twentieth. There are villages, close to the frontier of the most advanced country in the world, which are little bits of old France of the reign of Louis XV., and the city of Quebec itself is in many respects a magnificent relic of the ancient *régime*. Throughout this fair province the Catholic Church is all powerful. Many of the public holidays are ecclesiastical feasts not usually recognized in the British Empire; and on these occasions, when the host is elevated at high mass in the metropolitan basilica, it is to the thunder of the artillery of the colonial forces. The parochial system constitutes a religious establishment on a basis unknown in any other country, although in Lower Canada there is nominally a separation between Church and State. Perhaps the most significant sign of the strength of the Church is, that the secular clergy and the Jesuits do little to dissimulate their mutual animosity. The most conspicuous figure in the Province is Cardinal Taschereau, a courtly prelate of the *grand siècle*, austere to such a point that the diversions of playgoing, novel-reading, and dancing, are by him inhibited for the faithful. The modern movement, which is sweeping on beyond the frontier lines of the United States and of Ontario, comes not within his ken. It was at his instance that the Holy See banned the Knights of Labor; and when Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore moved the Sacred Congregation

to raise the inhibition, it was with the Archbishop of Quebec that he made the voyage to Rome, whither they had both been summoned to be invested with their scarlet hats. Cardinal Taschereau is an honest man withal, and the Protestant community of Montreal, who look with distrust upon the use made of the Church by provincial politicians for party purposes, sometimes express a wish that representative institutions might be abolished in Quebec, and the administration of the government vested in the hands of the cardinal archbishop.

The commercial prosperity which the superior energy of the British population of Montreal has diverted from Quebec, has been further drawn up the stream of the St. Lawrence by the deepening of the channel of the noble river which flows beneath the Plains of Abraham. Montreal being now at the head of the summer navigation, as well as the chief terminus of the trans-continental railway, holds the proud rank of the first city of the Dominion, though Toronto is a vigorous and rapidly growing rival. The importance of Montreal from an imperial point of view is, that here is found the chief friction between English and French; here the question of religion is most acute. The opulent mercantile community of Mount Royal, many of whom are of Scottish origin and of Presbyterian persuasion, rebel against the geographical accident which has placed them within the boundaries of the Province of Quebec. "Sic vos non vobis," they say to one another, or in less classical phrase they declare that Montreal is the milch-cow of Lower Canada, and they submit resentfully to the necessity of providing supplies for and being governed by the French majority, which extreme Protestants among them characterize as bigoted, priest-ridden, and retrograde. The French population is found in large numbers in the counties of the adjacent province nearest the frontier, but in the capital of Ontario there is no trace whatever of the French Canadians. Quebec, piled on the heights commanding the St. Lawrence, is without doubt the most picturesque city on the North American continent, and Montreal has good claim to be considered the most sumptuous; but Toronto, built on the flat lake shore, is as unlovely as New York or Philadelphia. It is a commercial city, humanized by a university, just as Ottawa is an official village, tempered by lumber-mills.

The Dominion capital has the popula-

tion of a small English country town, but its handsome cluster of Parliament buildings, seen from a distance, seems to rise out of the boundless forest. Here Sir John Macdonald, the incarnation of federated Canada, presides over his strangely assorted Cabinet, in which the French *habitant*, the British settler from Ontario, the Irish Nationalist, and the Presbyterian Orangeman, sit side by side in peaceful subjection to the old Parliamentary hand of Greater Britain. The Disraeli cast of features of Sir John Macdonald is well known; but the Canadian premier, while he possesses some share of Lord Beaconsfield's adroitness, has nothing of his sphynx-like impassiveness, and indeed, in his expansive vitality and gift of perpetual youth, bears more resemblance to Mr. Gladstone. In Dominion politics there are two great parties, of which the ministerial majority is in semi-official language comprehensively called Liberal-Conservative, while the opposition are known as the Grits; but in reality the only cleavage is between those who wish to keep Macdonald in and those who wish to turn Macdonald out. The camp of the latter is not a favorable resort for the office-seeker, inasmuch as "John A." as the great Opportunist leader is familiarly called, is practically the perpetual prime minister of the Dominion; during the twenty-three years since he completed the federation of British North America, there has been only one short interval of five years in which he has ceased to preside over the Privy Council. There has been no more striking instance of Sir John Macdonald's Parliamentary management than last year, when he was called upon by some of his staunchest supporters to apply the governor-general's power of veto to the Jesuits' Estates Bill of the Quebec legislature. That enactment, it will be remembered, provided for a subsidy of 400,000*l.* of public money to the Roman Catholic Church in Lower Canada, in compensation for the property of the Society of Jesus escheated to the crown after the dissolution of the order in the last century, a smaller grant being made simultaneously to the Protestant bodies of the Province. An agitation was commenced by the powerful Orange Lodges of Ontario, which represent an aggressive Protestantism only found in the neighborhood of dominant Catholicism; but the foremost of our colonial statesmen — himself an Orangeman — knew well that to thwart the constitutional will of French Canada might mean the disruption of the

Dominion; and the overwhelming majority which he combined to defeat the proposition included not only the Protestants and Catholics of his own following, but the whole strength of the opposition, only thirteen members in a full house voting in favor of the veto.

The most conspicuous monument of the Macdonald administration is the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is not our purpose to enter into the controversial history of that enterprise; we prefer to look at the grand result which has united the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Pacific Ocean by a road which runs from start to finish over British ground. The chief danger, from an imperial point of view, to which the Canadian north-west has been liable, is its commercial connection with the adjacent territory of the United States, and Manitoba seemed likely to become an appanage of Minnesota and Dakota. The traveller can now, sixty hours after leaving Montreal, reach Winnipeg, which is certain to become the capital of the north-west, standing as it does just half-way between Montreal and Vancouver. The city is at present in a condition which, in the expressive terminology of Greater Britain, is described as "subsidized boom." It was planned on too magnificent a scale, and in its main avenue the traffic of Piccadilly and the Boulevards would be lost. The builders of new cities in the boundless new world should remember that the finest thoroughfares of the old are not dreary expanses like Sackville Street, Dublin, but comparatively narrow ways like the Toledo of Naples or the Rambla of Barcelona. Winnipeg is reviving, but there are prairie cities in Manitoba which scarcely survived their christening, and the provincial legislature passed a bill indemnifying the corporation of one of them, Portage la Prairie, from its municipal debt. It is, however, to be hoped, for the sake of Canadian financial credit, that the governor in council will veto this speculative enactment. We may trust that the days of bankrupt towns in British America are at an end. Sir Charles Dilke forcibly points out how our emigration fails to follow the flag, but at the same time there is no reason that the Dominion should be depressed on account of the prospects of its north-west regions, because of the more rapid progress made in Dakota across the American frontier. The federation of Canada is not a quarter of a century old, and the opening up of this vast tract of country by the trans-continental railway is only a thing of yesterday. Seeing that the belt

of territory on the Canadian side of the frontier, from Lake Winnipeg to the Rockies, consists of much better land than that of the corresponding belt on the American side, and that the winters are not more severe, there is reason to hope that Manitoba and the neighboring north-west territories will, before many years, support a population not less considerable than that found in any area of the same size of the United States in the same latitudes.

The fourteen hundred miles between Manitoba and the coast of British Columbia, now traversed by the railway, display some of the marvellous variety and resources of the British Empire: fertile corn-lands on the prairie; rich ranching pastures on the foot-hills; and the most magnificent scenery in the world among the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirks, which are not destitute of mineral wealth. The new and thriving city at the terminus of the line is called Vancouver, a gratuitously confusing example of nomenclature, seeing that it is not on Vancouver Island. At this point has to be decided the great question of the respective merits as naval stations of Burrard Inlet, which runs into the mainland where the Canadian Pacific Railway ends, and of Esquimalt Harbor on Vancouver Island. We do not propose to balance the weighty arguments on either side, because there is no doubt whatever that it is the duty of the imperial government to make them both strongly fortified places. It is not at all likely that the Dominion of Canada will in our time be annexed to the United States, but, in the matter of providing stations for the fleet, England ought to act as if the loss of Canada were within the bounds of possibility. If the American nation desired to invade the Dominion, there are very few spots on the four thousand miles of frontier on which any resistance could be offered; but it must be borne in mind that the possession of Canada by England is a great safeguard for the United States. If the whole continent were under the Stars and Stripes, Great Britain would lose the chief reasons of policy for remaining on friendly terms with America, the chief motive for maintaining our mutual friendship being that a rupture would entail an immediate and irresistible raid across the Canadian frontier. Improbable as the chance of such a rupture is, it behoves England to make it absolutely certain that in the case of losing Canada we could retain Halifax on the Atlantic and another impregnable station on the Pacific coast, and to that end both Esquimalt on Vancouver Island and Bur-

rard Inlet on the mainland should be made strong places without delay, so that we might have the choice of the two, and perhaps retain both if the dire necessity arose.

The relations of Canada with the United States involve questions of the highest interest. The partisans of a closer union between the two countries may be divided into those who advocate unrestricted reciprocity; commercial union; and political union or annexation. Unrestricted reciprocity need not occupy our attention, as no American government would ever consent to an arrangement whereby the Dominion Parliament might, by abolishing all customs' duties and giving free entry to British and European goods, enable Canadian merchants to undersell American importers of the same articles. The American protectionists are not attracted by a one-sided bargain which would give to the Canadians a free market of over sixty million people in exchange for a free market of five million people. The idea of the commercial union of Canada and the United States has acquired an importance from its having been taken up by the opposition at Ottawa as an improvement on the "national" policy of protection which has been maintained by Sir John Macdonald. Sir Charles Dilke wisely points out, in reply to the complaint of the commercial union party, that it is a crime to shut out Canada from participation in the growth of the commerce of the continent, that it is a still greater crime to shut out Canada from participation in the commerce of the world. Although the best friends of the British Empire cannot deny that the Dominion is not in an altogether healthy condition, yet those who have travelled in it cannot fail to recognize that there exists throughout the Federal Provinces a distinctly national feeling which would not easily submit to the adjustment of the tariff at Washington, where the Canadian delegates would have about as much influence as that exercised by the Maoris who sit in the New Zealand legislature.

There are two distinguished British subjects residing in Canada who, from the prominence given in the English press to their utterances, have a certain notoriety on this side the Atlantic as favoring the annexation of Canada to the United States. Mr. Goldwin Smith, and Mr. Honoré Mercier, the French Catholic premier of Quebec, not unfrequently deliver sentiments which, in the days when the term was in usage, might have quali-

fied them for the title of rebels; but we are perfectly certain that either of those eminent personages would much prefer to be called a rebel than to be coupled and associated in the minds of men with the other. Of Mr. Goldwin Smith we would at once say that his motives are as disinterested as they are mischievous; but though mischievous his motives, the mischief he effects is infinitesimal,—that is to say, it amounts to the harm which ensues from the printing in large type of his letters, advocating the disruption of the empire, in London journals which profess imperialism. Though we reprobate his views, we think that the old Regius professor is often unjustly treated. People who do not know him derive their impression of the man from Mr. Disraeli's rancorous portrait of him in "Lothair;" he is there described as talking a language of "ornate jargon;" as a matter of fact his diction is severe compared to Mr. Disraeli's, and we regret that his plausible sentiments are not veiled in jargon, but are on the contrary expressed in admirable and forcible English. He has lately had his revenge on his limner in a recent oration at New York, when he emphasized his offer of Canada to the American nation by an unearthed quotation from an ancient letter of Lord Beaconsfield, who once seems to have written mysteriously that "the colonies, and Canada in particular, were millstones round our necks, but that they would soon be independent." It is, moreover, unjust to ascribe Mr. Goldwin Smith's disaffection to any disappointments he may have encountered in his Canadian career, as we find Sir George Bowen describing in 1862 his schemes for the emancipation of Australia. It ought, however, to be put on record, for the benefit of those who are perturbed by his letters to the English papers, that Mr. Goldwin Smith has no following whatever in Canada, and no disciples across the frontier of his unpatriotic propaganda. Around his home in Toronto he has hosts of personal friends and not one political ally. In the United States an ungrateful lack of warmth greets his harangues, in which he inveighs against the unnatural division of a continent which Providence destined to be one. Not long ago he was about to discourse in this wise to an American audience at a banquet, when the veteran General Sherman, perhaps anticipating, arose and said: "The American people want not another rood of bad land in Mexico or of good land in Canada." After that, Mr. Goldwin Smith's custom-

ary periods about "one flag, one language, one literature," lacked a little of their usual sonority. It is undoubtedly a fact that the American nation feels that it wants no more territory to govern. We have already mentioned that the United States recognize that England's possession of Canada is an insurance of a conciliatory policy on the part of the British government; and there is a third potent reason why the republic would possibly refuse Canada if it were offered to her, namely, because the addition of that vast country would entirely disorganize the electoral balance of the States, and neither party would care to run the risk of utter exclusion from office as the price for the accession of half a continent.

One of the attractive results which Mr. Goldwin Smith promises from the political union of Canada and the United States is the extinction of French nationality, which he says is breaking the unity of American civilization. Now Mr. Mercier is not a politician who desires to be extinguished, and it may seem strange that this prominent Frenchman should at times threaten to advocate a policy which would destroy the nationality whose champion he is. The premier of Lower Canada is considered by many to be a reckless political gamester who plays for his own hand, posing as an annexationist in order that he may point to the wise concessions of the Dominion Parliament as the results of his threatenings. In his heart he no more contemplates the annexation of Quebec to the United States than to Brazil. He knows that, if Canada became part of the American Union, the disestablishment of the French position would follow. Not only would the *habitants* have at Washington none of the privileges of their own language they enjoy at Ottawa, but Quebec, as one of fifty or sixty States, would have an imperceptible influence in the federal legislature; and though the Province were invested with statehood, it would by degrees lose all its characteristics. In the New England States there are three hundred and fifty thousand French Canadians. In Rhode Island they form an enormous proportion of the population; they live apart, speaking no English and holding aloof from intercourse with the American inhabitants; yet one might live for a year in the little state, which is scarcely the size of Warwickshire, without necessarily discovering the presence of this great alien community. It is true that certain French Canadians have risen to high positions in New England, but this

has only been effected by their divesting themselves of their nationality. Mr. Mercier knows as well as any living man that, if Canada were joined to the United States, Quebec would lose its French character as Louisiana has lost it. The Catholic clergy, moreover, who rule the provincial legislature and the premier himself, are well aware that if the *régime* of Ottawa were exchanged for that of Washington, there would be granted no more concessions to their religion, as in the case of the refusal to veto the Jesuits' Estates Bill; no more privileges to their beloved language, as in the instance of the recent vote regarding its use in the north-west territory.

Other alternative destinies which are proposed for the Dominion are those of imperial federation and of independence. Of the former we shall speak hereafter; the latter there is no occasion to dwell upon, as we do not believe that Canada could maintain herself as an independent nation. We agree with Sir Charles Dilke's conclusion when he says that he cannot see why Canada, if she takes those reasonable steps for her own defence which are a condition of the existence of a self-respecting nation, should not, if she so wishes, work out a prosperous destiny for herself under her present relations with the British crown.

In the few pages which Sir Charles Dilke devotes to the United States, apart from their relations with Canada, we find more points to take exception to than in all the rest of his admirable volumes. We agree with him that the happy phrase of his invention, Greater Britain, ought to include the most prosperous English-speaking community in the world; but we dissent from his proposition, that though none of the English colonies, commonly so called, fall under Sir George Cornwall Lewis's definition of a colony, its conditions are fulfilled by the United States. Sir G. C. Lewis, in his "Government of Dependencies," said that "a colony properly denotes a body of persons belonging to one country and political community, who, having abandoned that country and community, form a new and separate society, independent, or dependent, in some district from which they expel the ancient inhabitants." Now, leaving aside the fact that the first settlers of the United States included Dutchmen in New York and Frenchmen on the Mississippi, we contend that, even supposing the original colonists had all sprung from the British Islands, in order that the American nation

should properly fall under this designation of colony, it would have been necessary for the population to have grown entirely by means of family increase and of immigration from Great Britain and Ireland. The coming census of the United States will, from its mere record of nomenclature, throw new light on the origins of the American nation, and we believe that it will show that less than two-thirds of the people are of English descent on the paternal side. Chicago is a representative American city. It is not, like New York, a distributing emporium of immigration, and here four hundred thousand of the inhabitants are Germans or of German parentage. Nevertheless, so strong is the tradition on American soil of the good old colony days, that the sons of these Teutons will celebrate the anniversary of Bunker Hill, or will mutilate the monument to Major André, with all the simple faith of an ennobled plutocrat, who, purchasing a pedigree at the College of Arms, glows with pride at his ancestors' prowess at Ascalon.

As the author of "Greater Britain" is not an American citizen, he should refrain from quoting rhymes to the effect that "We were one in the days, when Shakespeare wrote his plays." For the sake of preserving this graceful fiction, we would let pass the theory of the oneness of the Irish Celts and the English at the period when Mr. Edmund Spenser was chief secretary for Ireland; but though Elizabeth was queen of England, France, and Ireland, and though her successor, who was moreover king of Scots, married a Dane, and gave his daughter to a German, from whom sprang our reigning house, we are constrained to throw a doubt upon the English people having been one with half the other peoples of Europe in the interval between Raleigh's first voyage and the sailing of the Mayflower. The reason why we have emphasized our objection to this seemingly trivial point is, that it involves the whole question of the predominance of the English race throughout the world. America is the foremost of the nations of Greater Britain. If her people were all sprung from British ancestry, it would be a glory to the English race to have developed such fecundity; but we contend that the English race has performed a much mightier achievement than the mere multiplication of species. We claim that our native stock has not only increased and covered the earth, but that it has imposed its language and its traditions upon other peoples; so that in

the great American republic, men of Teutonic, of Scandinavian, and of Batavian origin, all alike speak our English tongue, and hold our literature as a common heritage. Hence it happens that, no matter what the growth of other races, the English language, by the indomitable strength of the English genius, is destined to overwhelm all others throughout the civilized world.

If the foregoing fallacy is of partially American growth, there is another of Sir Charles Dilke's propositions of thoroughly British material, to which also we take exception. In his observations upon the negro question in the Southern States, he expresses his surprise that "Christian ministers" should countenance the separation of colored and white people in "Christian churches." We, on the contrary, should express our surprise if they did anything else. It is only twenty-five years since the close of the war, and there are still many clergymen in the South who, in the earlier period of their ministry, not only preached from their pulpits the doctrine of race inequality, but in Methodist Conferences, Episcopal Synods, and Presbyterian Assemblies, officially declared that the institution of negro slavery was not opposed to the law of Christ. The Southern clergy have accepted the change of law; but they cannot be expected to recognize the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox Court House as having had the effect of a decree of a General Council in the regulation of doctrine or of conduct. What we wish to draw attention to is this use of the word "Christian" in the sense of that which is in accordance with British sentiment at the present day—almost analogous to the modern French expression *fin de siècle*; but even for the sake of terseness it is confusing to have to apply the epithet of Christian to that advocate of race-equality, Mr. Bradlaugh, and to deny it to the Rev. George Whitfield, who introduced slavery into Georgia. Sir Charles Dilke, in his chapter on South Africa, describes with much fidelity the religious basis of the life of the Boers, who in the application of the maxims of Christianity to every-day existence resemble in their terminology the Covenanters. We have no doubt of the sincerity of the rude piety of these Dutch farmers; yet we must deny also to them the title of Christian, if belief in race-equality is an essential to the creed, inasmuch as the Africander places his Kaffirs and Hottentots on a not much higher level than his trek-oxen, though his rule of the natives has been more merciful

than ours in Africa, with all our admirable sentiment. The Southerners, who read that the system of reserving separate railway cars for the colored people ought not to be countenanced by Christians, will turn with interest to the Queensland section of the "Problems of Greater Britain," where they will find a vivid description of the English or Christian method of dealing with blacks. After all, in reviewing books which record the British conquest of half the world, perhaps we ought not to find fault with an expression which is typical of that splendid audacity of national egotism which is one of the secrets of our mastery.

The increase of the negro population in the Southern States is probably the most difficult question to be solved within the American republic; but we cannot pause to discuss it, nor to compare with it the condition of the English West Indies, which are becoming black communities, based upon a peasant proprietary of the African race. We must make our way westward, across the Pacific to the great British continent and its neighbors in the Austral seas.

For the first time in the history of Greater Britain it is possible to travel from England to Australia by an overland route, in which that phrase from the proportion of land to sea on the passage has a real significance, without traversing a yard of soil not British. The distance from Vancouver to Moreton Bay, the port of Queensland, or to Auckland, is about the same as from San Francisco; but the competing route between the Australian colonies and the old country is of course the way by the Suez Canal. Apart from the undoubted strategic importance of the Canadian Pacific Railroad in case of war in which the United States were not hostile, that great thoroughfare ought to be utilized as a link to bind closer to England her dependencies in the southern seas. Vancouver stands just half-way between Great Britain and Australasia—the distance thither from Liverpool being about six thousand miles, the same distance dividing British Columbia from New Zealand and the east coast of Australia. The first half of the journey, across the Atlantic and over the trans-continental line, is most agreeable, both in matter of comfort and of variety. Our Australian fellow-subjects, moreover, like the idea of traversing on their homeward way a stretch of the mighty empire of which they are members, which is longer by more than a thousand miles than the space between

any two points in their own vast continent of magnificent distances; but more potent than sentiment for the ocean traveller is comfort, and the Canadian Pacific road will have been built in vain as a pathway through one portion of Greater Britain to another, unless there are provided for the Pacific voyage vessels as sumptuous as those which ply by the Mediterranean route.

The group of our Australasian colonies is about equal in area to Canada, and the points wherein these differ from the Dominion strikingly display the diversity of the possessions of the British crown. The great continent of Australia is singularly unlike our North American territory, in that nearly all its population has settled on certain strips of the sea-board. Here there seems to be little prospect of a trans-continental railway, and the scarcely explored torrid interior corresponds, in a way, to the Arctic solitudes around Hudson Bay. Australia differs from Canada again, in that the tendency of the inhabitants is to crowd into the chief towns of the colonies. The city of Melbourne, with its suburbs, contains half of the population of Victoria; more than a third of the population of New South Wales reside in Sydney; and of the forty thousand people who inhabit western Australia, a territory as large as Hindostan, one-third are gathered in a couple of towns. This feature, however, is not found in New Zealand, where the system of separate provincial centres has obtained. All the Australasian colonies, unlike Canada and the United States, are peopled by a stock sprung entirely from the British Islands; and these vigorous countries, though somewhat worried by alien occupation of neighboring south sea islands, are absolutely free from the fear of foreign invasion or complication.

Sir Charles Dilke declares of Canada that a miracle has been wrought by confederation in converting a backward colony into a flourishing power. There are no backward colonies in Australasia, although one or two of them are undeveloped, and the possible application of federation to those flourishing communities is perhaps the most interesting question of imperial import now being settled in Greater Britain. The doctrine of "Australia for the Australians" is now put forward by local political leaders who undoubtedly represent not a mere section of colonial opinion, but an unanimous and powerful sentiment. The problem to be solved is, how to apply that doctrine in a manner which will tend

to the consolidation of the empire and not to its disruption. That Australian, if not Australasian, confederation will be an accomplished fact before the new governors who were sent out last year have completed their term, seems certain. The chief matters of detail which the colonies will have to settle among themselves appear to be intercolonial free-trade and financial federation. One of the most familiar anomalies of the growth of Greater Britain is that, while in England all parties practically are pledged to the doctrine of free-trade, the most prosperous of our daughter-countries are protectionist. The Victorians have, by protection, placed their manufactures in a thriving condition; and though New South Wales has a conspicuous and singular reputation for free-trade principles, it is a significant fact that that colony is moving towards protection just at the period when it seems to be passing Victoria in prosperity as a consequence of its old policy. It therefore seems impossible that Australasian federation can be brought about except on the base of intercolonial free-trade and protection against the world, including the mother country. As Sir Charles Dilke observes, here again we find ourselves face to face with the same difficulty which met us in the case of Canada, that we retain our empire by facilitating the imposition of increased taxes on our goods. It may be some consolation to doctrinaires that it is the boast of the United States, with its analogous interstate free-trade, that the American continent is the great exemplar to the world of free-trade, in spite of its vexatious custom-houses at its ports and on its frontiers, and of its treasury overflowing with a surplus which the tariff produces.

The question of financial federation is one for the Australian colonies themselves, and consolidation of loans will probably come with political federation; but there is another matter to be speedily decided which gravely concerns the relations of the colonies and the mother country. Sir Henry Parkes urges the right of Australia, without reference to home opinion, to decide the future of every acre of the continent; and though exception may be taken to the form of the expression of the prime minister of New South Wales, there can be no doubt that in view of imminent controversies such an arrangement will minimize the chances of friction arising between Great Britain and her colonies in the southern seas. In two parts of the Australian continent the inhabitants

are now engaged in discussion of the further division of their respective territories, and in a third the question is certain to arise, the settlements of which will best be made without the interference of the Colonial Office. In Queensland, the independence of which from New South Wales was completed under Sir George Bowen's rule thirty years ago, there is an active agitation proceeding for the separation of the tropical region in the north from the southern portion which includes Brisbane the capital. The separatist movement in North Queensland was originally based on the "servile labor" question, the northern people finding it difficult to cultivate sugar without the aid of imported laborers who can endure the climate, while public opinion on the subject at Brisbane was similar to that which has found expression in the anti-Chinese agitation throughout Australia. In western Australia the point of issue is, whether a handful of settlers, who equal in numbers the population of a minor cathedral town in England, shall administer uncontrolled a huge tract of continent of the area of British India. Although there is no active movement on foot in south Australia for a division of that colony, its present vast dimensions stretching across central Australia are anomalous, especially as Adelaide in the south and Port Darwin in the north are practically as remote from one another as was Quebec from Vancouver Island in the days before the trans-continental railway. It should be borne in mind that the powerful colony of Victoria contains only one thirty-fourth of the area of the continent, being no larger than Great Britain; while even New South Wales, which is three and a half times as large, is a minute region compared to the relatively unimportant colonies of south and western Australia.

The constitution of federated Australia will undoubtedly give the federal government power to create new provinces, and it is clear that friction between the mother country and her great dependency will be reduced, when the Colonial Office has to deal with a federal council instead of with a number of separate governments. One matter which has recently strained relations between Great Britain and certain of her colonies has been that of the nomination of governors. In Victoria there is comparatively little opposition to the mode of nominating governors, but very decided opinions are expressed by leading politicians as to their relations with the Colonial Office during their ad-

ministration; in south Australia the wishes of the people were quietly acceded to when they expressed objection to an undesirable nominee; but in Queensland an unpleasant agitation arose on the announcement that Sir Henry Blake was named as successor to Sir Anthony Musgrave. The general impression in this country was that the objection to Governor Blake was entirely grounded on his tradition as a police-magistrate in Ireland, the Irish being all-powerful in the colony; but this was not the case. The Irish are numerous in Queensland, but are not relatively half as strong as they are in Newfoundland, where Sir Henry Blake had governed with marked success; and although the Irish party at Brisbane boasted that the withdrawal of his nomination was their work, it is doubtful if the agitation would have obtained support, had there not been in Queensland a strong growth of "national" sentiment which favors independence from the mother country, and is fostered by those who are eager for opportunities to display jealousy of home interference. Those who have the interests of the empire at heart cannot blind themselves to the existence of separatist feeling in Australia, and it is curious to find its most emphatic expression in Queensland, when we read how Sir George Bowen gave that name to the young colony on his sovereign's behalf as a memorial of the loyalty of the settlers. The demands of the colonial governments to be consulted, prior to the nomination of governors, are sure to be repeated until federation substitutes, as in Canada, provincial lieutenant-governors appointed by the federal council. The governor-general would, as in the case of the Dominion viceroy, be a personage of such distinction that the home government would always know beforehand the feeling with which the federal council would regard his nomination. The choice of the site of the capital may occasion some difficulty. In America not even the State capitals, excepting that of Massachusetts, are great centres of population, but in the foremost Australian colonies the chief town is likewise the seat of government. Melbourne, with all the attributes of a European city of the first class, will vainly lay claim to the position of federal capital; in vain will the Victorians protest that they have built a government house with a ball-room twice the size of that in Buckingham Palace, and that no local lieutenant-governor will be worthy of such magnificence. Melbourne's claims will be scorned by her relatively venerable

rival, Sydney. An Ottawa or a Washington will have to be created. Hobart is spoken of as a possible capital of the United States of Australasia, but though Tasmania is a favorite holiday resort of the inhabitants on the mainland, the long sea-voyage might prove as inconvenient to legislators as the short passage across the Solent to Osborne is occasionally to her Majesty's ministers, and the most probable seat of federal government is Albury, on the frontier of New South Wales and Victoria.

We have pointed out the important characteristic of the provincial system, wherein the colonization of New Zealand differs from that of Australia. In its political history it likewise stands alone in the Australasian group, in that its settlement has only been effected after severe warfare with the brave native race, and the comparatively unsatisfactory financial condition of the country is a legacy from the years of conflict. The most conspicuous difference, however, between these islands and our other possessions in the southern seas is one which has existed from all time. Australia, as a whole, is one of the most unlovely tracts of the earth's surface, whereas New Zealand contains more beautiful scenery and more magnificent variety than any other equal area in the temperate zones. Weird melancholy is the dominant note of Australian scenery, in contrast to the bold severity of New Zealand in the south, and the bright Polynesian picturesqueness of the northern island. There is, however, a general resemblance in legislative and political tendencies between Australia and New Zealand. Australasian federation without the adhesion of the land of the Maori would not only be incomplete, but probably also abortive. The views on the subject expressed by the leading public men of New Zealand are sagacious. It is natural that this important colony should be unwilling to enter any arrangement which would place it in the position of a dependency of the neighboring continent. The inclusion of New Zealand in the Australasian federation will be of advantage to the empire, inasmuch as she will strengthen Victoria in resisting the principle of the right and power of a single colony to secede. This is one of the most important points wherein the federation of Australasia will guard imperial interests. Supposing that the separatist party in Queensland were, in the present position of the colony, to become absolutely predominant, and to declare for indepen-

dence, it would be well-nigh impossible for England to interfere; but under federation it would be difficult for the Australasian colonies to admit that a single colony might secede, and possibly establish a government based on servile labor, hostile to the others, and in alliance with their enemies. Supposing, for example, that Queensland were established as a separate republic, the passage by Torres Straits might be lost to all the colonies, and Moreton Bay itself might become a station from which hostile fleets could prey upon the trade of Sydney and of Auckland. Short of the secession of a colony, the difficulty the imperial government has in dealing with Australasia as a number of disunited States is great, as for example in the case of the refusal of Queensland to ratify the compact made at the colonial conference with regard to the Australian Naval Squadron.

With the increase of population on the east and north-east coast of Australia, a feeling has arisen that the inhabitants have a right to control the settlement of all the islands of the ocean which washes their shores. The proximity of the French convict settlement of New Caledonia has been a constant grievance to the colonists on the eastern littoral, and the British annexation of Fiji has brought La Nouvelle more closely into the Australian system, as it lies just half-way between Brisbane and the Fiji group. The vigorous protest made by the colonies, including Victoria, against the French claims to the New Hebrides, and the hoisting of the British flag on New Guinea by Queensland, are expressions of the prevailing sentiment, which often finds voice in a complaint that the mother country is willing to sacrifice the interests of her children to the pretensions of France or of Germany. It is evident that a federated Australasia will be a much more redoubtable power to carry out what Sir Charles Dilke calls the "Australasian Munroe doctrine."

The voyage from Australia to the Cape takes us once again to a colony which had a history before its settlement or possession by the British. In some of the older Dutch towns of South Africa we find a picturesqueness as striking as that which characterizes French Canada, and which is sought in vain, from Chicago to Melbourne, in any city or village of Greater Britain which owes its architecture to Anglo-Saxon genius. The questions which concerned Cape Colony only yesterday are no longer of importance; the power of the Africander Bond; the rise and deca-

dence of ostrich-farming; the pacification of the natives beyond the Kei; and even the development of the diamond-mines at Kimberley, are all overshadowed by the gold-discoveries in the Transvaal, and the rage thereby engendered for the conquest of fresh lands which may possibly contain the precious metal.

At the conclusion of the disastrous Boer war nine years ago, we were thought to have lost with discredit a province of the area of France, as the penalty of its previous premature annexation. The condition of Cape Colony was precarious; the Dutch party was strong and aggressive; the Africander Bond was a formidable organization; predictions were confidently uttered that the days of British rule in South Africa were numbered; and sober-minded Englishmen were calculating how we might retain a place of arms on Table Bay or Simon's Bay to guard our alternative route to India. The sagacious rule of Sir Hercules Robinson aimed at a conciliation, based on community of interest, between Englishmen and Boers; and in his endeavor he was aided by certain prominent Dutchmen, notably Sir John Brand, the lamented president of the Orange Free State, the best friend England ever had in South Africa; Sir Henry de Villiers, the distinguished chief justice of the Cape; and Mr. Hofmeyr, the Parliamentary leader of the Africander party, the maker and unmaker of colonial ministries. The financial condition of the South African republic was insecure; there were indeed gold-mines at Barberton, but their output would not have warranted off for a year the public bankruptcy, which was imminent. All the blunders committed by successive home governments were about to be retrieved by the peaceful falling into our hands again of the abandoned Transvaal, when suddenly the destiny of South Africa was changed by the discovery of a reef on Witwatersrand, thirty miles from Pretoria.

The effects of this discovery have been both paradoxical and phenomenal. Where on the high veldt four years ago the only signs of human life were a few scattered Boer farms, whither came occasionally a crawling ox-wagon, now stands a city greater than any in Africa south of Zanzibar. It bears no likeness to the quaint Dutch and Huguenot towns of the old colony, but rather resembles the populous places of America or Australia. It is an entirely English-speaking centre of population; but there is one conspicuous sign to denote that the Anglo-Saxon race are

not the rulers in the land, for this great commercial city has been built by British hands in the midst of the African wilderness in the last years of the nineteenth century without the approach of a railway within hundreds of miles. The English-speaking population of the Transvaal, though centred in small areas, now undoubtedly outnumbers the Dutch; and as the Boers have enormous families, while most of the diggers are single men, it is calculated that the adult male English are to the burghers in the proportion of seven to one. Nevertheless there are no real symptoms that the British gold-seekers will throw off the Boer yoke by violent revolution, and reclaim the territory for England. The reason is twofold. In the first place the precious spoil is the chief object of every man who comes to Johannesburg, to the exclusion of all political or patriotic sentiment; in the second, there is in South Africa a bugbear of which the tradition is so strong, that even new-comers are affected by it, the dread of Downing Street. No Transvaaler, English or Dutch, would consent to be subject to Cape Colony; and as the British alternative is Downing Street, the diggers and speculators submit to the exactions, the irksome regulations, and the jobbery, of the rustic government under which they possess no franchise.

The most interesting figure in South Africa at the present time is an elderly, uncouth, half-educated farmer, Paul Kruger, the autocrat of the Transvaal. His success in resisting the introduction of railways into his domain is one of the most remarkable incidents in the history of colonization. The motives for his policy are manifold. There is the old story of his resentment against the short-sighted government at the Cape, which refused the exclusive concession to construct a line across the republic in return for the abatement of the paltry duty on Transvaal tobacco entering the colony. Then, when the gold on the Rand was discovered, it was not unnatural that the president should favor his compatriots of the "ox-wagon party," who would have ceased to profit from the influx of population had the fields been connected by rail with British territory and the sea. The steam-engine is at last approaching the Transvaal boundaries; while the Cape government has been leisurely projecting its line through the Free State, the little colony of Natal has displayed an energy rarely found in a sub-tropical climate, and has pushed its railway close up to the Dutch frontier, beneath the shadow of Majuba

Hill of sorrowful memory. It is remarkable how Paul Kruger should have been able, through these years of change, to cling to his resolve, that, until the road to Delagoa Bay is laid, none other shall enter the territory. Obstinate he may be, but his perversity has had a purpose, and it is not supposed that his prolonged adherence to his alliance with the Netherlands Railway Company has been actuated by merely sentimental motives of revenge upon the Cape government, or of devotion to the interests of the Boer transport riders.

It is a strange anomaly that the centre of Greater Britain in South Africa should now be, not the capital of either of our colonies; not the diamond city, of the priceless site of which we adroitly deprived the Orange Free State; but a mushroom town, which has sprung up in the heart of the land which, after many blunders and disasters, we restored to the emigrant Boers as their independent territory. Cape Town, its remaining inhabitants lament, has returned to the days of village life. Sir Gordon Sprigg has become, like Sir John Macdonald, a perpetual prime minister; but for the dissimilar and singular reason that the leaders of the opposition have "trekked" to the Transvaal; and even his ministry, with its substantial attractions of salary, is being depleted by the same cause. Kimberley, in spite of its double railway connection with the sea, is already outstripped by the upstart Johannesburg, which in four years has become an imposing city; while the diamond town, which has attained its majority, remains a mining camp—a condition which is not likely to be bettered now that the companies are amalgamated, and the diamond industry practically in the hands of a monopoly. Natal owes its accession of prosperity to its geographical proximity to the Transvaal, which has been taken advantage of by its enterprising white population, a little community of thirty thousand people of English origin, who share the country with the same number of Indian coolies whom they have to import for labor, and an overwhelming and ever-increasing mass of unserviceable natives, who number at least half a million, within the boundaries of the colony.

The South African Company which by virtue of its charter is commissioned to bear the British flag up to and beyond the Zambesi towards the equatorial lakes, is the offspring of the mineral discoveries in the Transvaal. The possibility of abundant treasure lying beneath the lands of

Khama and of Lo Benguela is sufficient reason for England to declare a protectorate over the country north of Bechuanaland, lest in the scramble for Africa some European power stronger than Portugal should lay a claim to it, or lest the Boers of the Transvaal should leave their country to the English incomers and make a further northward migration, just as their fathers "trekked" from Cape Colony across the Orange River and the Vaal. It is probable that Mashonaland and Matabeleland are rich in minerals; but though the new enterprise has our warm approval as likely to expedite the destiny of Africa south of the equator, which we profoundly believe will one day be a vast English-speaking continent, we must enter a mild protest against the high-flown descriptions which are current concerning this last addition to the British Empire. The recently founded association has been compared to the East India Company, and the region between the Transvaal frontier and the Zambesi has been spoken of as if it rivalled in wealth the empire of the Moguls; but we feel constrained to point out that Lo Benguela is not precisely an Aurungzebe, nor are the dazzling splendors of Delhi to be found at his kraal at Buluwayo. The sooner that English people realize that South Africa is a wilderness, the better; a magnificent desert, the wealth of which lies beneath its surface. Hitherto its vegetable products have only supported its hordes of savage inhabitants by reason of their constant migrations, and its most successful European settlers, the Dutch, have succeeded in sustaining themselves by apportioning innumerable acres to each inhabitant. Undoubtedly, the high table land included in the British protectorate is remarkably favored by climate, considering its situation within the tropics; but only a visionary or a prospectus writer believes that this territory can be serviceable for agricultural emigrants in the sense that Manitoba and the Dakotas are. The maps with which Sir Charles Dilke has illustrated his volumes are unusually accurate; but his draughtsman's representation of South Africa gives the impression that the land is irrigated by rivers as noble as those of France or of the Eastern States of America; while in reality there is not a navigable waterway south of the Zambesi, and some of the streams which give their names to provinces are in the dry seasons arid beds of stone.

South Africa, we repeat, is a desert, dotted with fruitful oases. One of the

most genial tracts is the country round about Cape Town. For more than two centuries it has been cultivated by Boers and Huguenots, and their successors; it has been most accessible to immigrants; the soil is fertile and the climate perfect; and after two hundred years of history the commercial port of this region, the capital of a great colony, has grown to half the size of an English country town like Norwich; while in a quarter of that period Melbourne is approaching the proportions of Glasgow or of Liverpool. Supposing that the plains of Matabeleland are as fertile as the region around the Cape, it must be borne in mind that even a railway towards the Zambesi will not entirely dissipate the thousand miles which lie between that district and the immigrants' port of landing. The future of the interior of South Africa depends entirely on its mineral wealth; and though abundance of precious metal attracts crowds of settlers, they will amass their wealth deprived of the amenities of life. Johannesburg, though not destitute of verdure, is subject to seasons of disastrous drought. Kimberley, though provided with effective waterworks, is a desolate encampment in the desert, in which no one could endure existence for a year save for the hope of great gain. We do not anticipate in the new protectorate any difficulty with the Boers; their anxiety for Swaziland demonstrates that they will no more set their faces northwards, and, moreover, with the depletion of Africa of its game, the Dutch are ceasing to be formidable riflemen. With the natives there may be difficulties, because British settlement puts an end to internecine wars, which in Africa have been the chief means of keeping down the black population. The position of the people of Natal among the Zulus, who have been disorganized as a military nation, is not altogether comfortable; and the settlers in the new protectorate, who will not at first be numerous, may find formidable foes in the warrior tribes they are supplanting.

We are not among those who believe in German intrigue in South Africa. All who know that country are aware that the Boer farmers and German squatters are so unsympathetic to one another as to put beyond the bounds of possibility any combination between the two peoples against English predominance. Nor have we any faith in rumors as to German designs upon Delagoa Bay. It was the president of the French republic who decided against British claims to that fine roadstead, and

France would take good care that Germany did not establish herself at the entrance of Mozambique Channel, in dangerous proximity to Madagascar. At the same time we deeply deplore that the exigencies of European politics have compelled successive English governments to consent to German annexation on the west and on the east coasts of Africa. The Germans are the best settlers in the world, and the worst colonists. German colonization schemes are a sham, which are believed in as little by the German people as they were by Prince Bismarck, who unwillingly yielded to the pressure of certain mercantile circles in Hamburg and other commercial centres. If the German people settled in the so-called colonies of the fatherland, England, as the great pioneer of civilization throughout the world, might rejoice in the co-operation in Africa of her European ally; but German emigrants decline to settle under their country's flag. Millions of them have become most servicable citizens of the United States; thousands of them are pouring into the British colonies; while the regions which Germany has annexed are occupied by a handful of officials and military police. When Lord Derby permitted Germany to take Namaqualand and Damaraland on the coast north-west of the Cape, German inhabitants of that colony were frequently asked when they were going to move up into their national territory, and the reply invariably was, that they had not left their native land in order to find new homes at the other end of the world, under the restrictive discipline of the German flag. Consequently there are German colonies on the shores of Africa in which there is no other sign of German possession than a flag run up on the house of a Moravian missionary, who is thus invested with official status. On the west coast the Germans will probably disappear, but our partition with them of the littoral which runs from the Mozambique boundary to north of Zanzibar is unfortunate. The trade of all the east coast between Delagoa Bay and the equator is in the hands of Indians who are British subjects, and from an imperial point of view the bombardment of certain villages by German gunboats, and the destruction there of the property of Bombay merchants, is more prejudicial to our interests than the demonstrations of the Portuguese against the Scottish missionaries on Lake Nyassa — which region, hemmed in as it is by the Mozambique coast, to which Portugal has unhappily an unim-

peachable title, we might have provided with an outlet to the sea had we not agreed to the German annexation of the coast below Zanzibar.

German colonization is a sham, and German colonies are almost as obstructive to civilization as are those of Portugal, because German industry and enterprise prefer to make their way to lands where liberty is enjoyed under the British or the American flag; nor will Teutonic sentiment change in this regard even though the new emperor be tempted to follow for a few years a policy of adventure; but however regretfully we may regard the occupation of lands by people who occupy them neither beneficially nor profitably, we must bear in mind that the awakening of England to the desirableness of increase of tropical territory is only a matter of yesterday. Sir Charles Dilke points out how we had allowed the French to occupy New Caledonia and other Pacific islands which had been discovered, named, and taken possession of by British navigators; how we declined a protectorate over Zanzibar, and refused to ratify the annexation by the Australians of half New Guinea; how we refrained from taking the Congo Basin and the Cameroons when offered to us; both political parties at home following this policy. In Australasia we have noted the existence of soreness of feeling because England seems sometimes to prefer to conciliate Germany or France rather than her own colonies; but as we have permitted those powers to obtain a foothold in the Pacific and in Africa, our successive governments are bound to remember that we are part of the body politic of Europe as well as members of the world-wide British Empire. It would be well for those who are inclined to attack the policy of a government, which may seem to make undue concession to our stronger neighbors in Europe in the matter of their distant annexations, to ponder well the wise words which are written in the introduction to the "Problems of Greater Britain:" "The danger in our path is that the enormous forces of European militarism may crush the old country and destroy the integrity of our empire before the growth of the newer communities that it contains has made it too strong for the attack." That the British race is bound to dominate the world, and that the English tongue is destined to be the universal language of civilization, we have no doubt whatever; but supposing Great Britain were within the next few years to be drawn into war, and re-

ceive at the hands of a coalition a defeat which would involve the loss of India, the civilization of the globe would receive a blow which all the vigor of the Anglo-Saxon race in North America and in an independent Australasia would not retrieve for a century. It therefore behoves us to proceed cautiously, never losing faith in the destiny of our race, while we follow a policy of conciliation with the great power of central Europe. Africa, south of the equator, is certain in time to become an English-speaking continent, provided its resources are sufficient to sustain a European population. The failure of the premature attempt to federate South Africa threw back for a generation the union of the countries below the tropic of Capricorn, yet we are not without hope that before the coming century has lost its youth, all the expanse which stretches from the highlands of Nyassa to Table Bay may be governed by a confederation of British States.

We have now passed in rapid review the three chief groups of our colonial empire. The communities of British North America and of Australasia enjoy the most advanced developments of representative institutions, which are likewise established in a portion of South Africa. Some of the most valuable sections of "Problems of Greater Britain" are devoted to descriptions and comparisons of the political experiments and social economy of these great self-governing daughter-lands of England. Within the limits of an article not entirely devoted to their consideration, it would be impossible to deal with even one set of questions which the people of Greater Britain within their separate territories have set themselves to solve. The subjects of State-socialism, franchise limitations, labor-laws, education, local government, and religion, have been treated in a masterly manner by Sir Charles Dilke, and on certain constitutional points it would be interesting to illustrate his conclusions by the opinions and actions of Sir George Bowen during his successive administrations; but it would be useless to touch upon those great topics with a superficial glance. Nor can we linger among the crown colonies with their varying characteristics, attractive though it would be to follow Sir George Bowen to Mauritius and to compare the French population of that island with the people of Lower Canada, or to proceed with him to Hong-Kong, with its population of the Chinese race which Sir Charles Dilke places side by side with the Russian as

the only possible rivals of the Anglo-Saxon in the possession of the earth.

The portion of the British Empire which rises in the minds of all Englishmen when British supremacy among nations is threatened, is India. That wondrous land comes not under the appellation of Greater Britain as an English-speaking country, yet even now English is the only language throughout the peninsula which is in any sense the national tongue of India. There is not only no community of race in India, but no feeling of nationality except among a few educated men of native birth. In our interior policy in Hindostan there are problems of the highest importance to be settled, in which the development of national feeling will play an important part, but it is not our purpose to deal with them. Our concern here is with the British Empire as a whole, of which we conceive India to be the keystone, and we are glad to see the prominence given to the subject of Indian defence by Sir Charles Dilke, who dedicates his book in words of patriotic friendship to Sir Frederick Roberts, the greatest Indian captain of our generation.

We cannot here discuss in detail any scheme for the defence of India, though we must congratulate Sir Charles Dilke upon his emphatic condemnation of the folly of which we should be guilty if ever we consented to a partition of Afghanistan with Russia, an idea which has proved attractive to inexperienced theorists who have to be taught that our proper policy in central Asia is to keep Russia at arms' length. Our purpose is to show how the preservation of our Indian Empire concerns the position of all England's possessions. There can be no doubt that, if we lost India, our rule would be succeeded there by a period of anarchy, or by the domination of a protectionist power, either of which eventualities would inflict a deadly blow on our commerce. If India did not at once become a Russian province, it is likely that the thirst for distant empire, which we have seen has urged Germany to attempt to settle parts of Africa, and which has driven France into her enterprises in Tonquin and Madagascar, would impel those nations to strive to conquer or to divide the great peninsula. Apart from the commercial ruin which would follow our loss of India, it is certain that the destruction of our prestige would be such that a rapid growth of separatist feeling in Canada, South Africa, and Australasia, would ensue, with a general break up of the British power. Some of our

colonies are fond of declaring by their mouthpieces of opinion, that the small price they pay for their connection with Great Britain is too burdensome; but we believe, on the contrary, that there is a great feeling of pride among colonists in the fact, that they are the citizens of a mighty empire, a feeling which is not, however, sufficiently disinterested to survive a great disaster. The Indian problem is distinct from the general problem of imperial defence. Although, as we have seen, the British Empire has of late become coterminous with Germany and France in different parts of the world, yet if we command the seas we can cut off those powers from their possessions in Africa, in Polynesia, and in the East. But in India we have Russia as a continental neighbor in the sense in which the United States is our neighbor on the Canadian frontier; with the difference that the United States is not a military power, and would not invade the Dominion except on the invitation of the Canadians or in retaliation of some hostile action on our part. We cannot here enter into the elaborate and highly technical questions of the vulnerability of India, but we commend to all who are interested in the integrity of the British Empire the closely reasoned arguments and the skilful array of facts contained in the chapter upon Indian defence which opens the second volume of the "Problems of Greater Britain."

The great subject of imperial defence is, however, germane to that of the defence of India. In our survey of the colonies we have incidentally mentioned the importance to us of certain strong places in different corners of the empire, but the question is in our opinion of such supreme interest that it is not possible to deal with it in a few brief sentences. The chapter in "Problems of Greater Britain" upon imperial defence, read by the light of our own knowledge of the forces which the empire has at its disposal, does not add to our peace of mind. We entirely agree with the author, who is in no sense of the word an alarmist, that a survey of the defences of the empire makes clearly manifest the potential strength of the British Empire, and our stupendous carelessness in organizing its force. Our ambition is not for offensive strength, but only to be safe from the ambition of others, and the first step towards security must be the arrangement of consistent plans for supporting the whole edifice of British rule by the assistance of all the component portions of the empire. It is, we believe,

on some such basis as this that the only possible fabric of imperial federation can be reared. It is easy to be fascinated with a phrase, and if we refuse to express enthusiasm for the idea of the confederation of the empire, it is because our anxiety is too keen to be solaced with empirical theories. It is to be hoped that the time is past for it to be seriously suggested that the consolidation of the empire is to be brought about by a council of agents-general or the representation of the colonies in the House of Lords. It is to be feared that an imperial customs union is an idea beyond the range of practical politics. The present generation must be content to see the colonies prospering and gaining strength in the imposition of tariffs hostile to the mother country. We have noted how this anomaly is likely to be aggravated by the coming federation of Australasia; yet we feel bound to welcome that arrangement, as we believe that the separate unifying of our great groups of dependencies will make it easier for them to unite in drawing nearer to the mother country for purposes of common defensive action.

Although we have not dissembled our anxiety for the near future of the British Empire, the volumes before us, while profoundly impressing us with the seriousness of the problems to be solved in these last years of the century by the English race, afford stronger reasons for cheerfulness than for despondency. The record of Sir George Bowen's honorable career is of high interest to all who have travelled in the lands of Greater Britain, and have witnessed the admirable work of strengthening the empire which is being achieved all over the world by servants of the crown, not only by successful governors and administrators of colonies and provinces, but also by humbler men who in less conspicuous situations worthily fulfil their unobtrusive duty to the State. Sir George Bowen, in his retirement after a lifetime of distinguished service, can look with satisfaction not only on the material progress of the communities of which he helped to lay the foundations, but also upon the livelier interest which is now taken at home in the affairs of the empire, in contrast with the lukewarmness which in his recollection was the normal condition of feeling in England for the colonies. At the same time there are too few of our leading statesmen and politicians who have acquired a real acquaintance with imperial affairs; a facility in debate on a domestic topic of passing interest profits

a man more than the perfect mastery of problems on the solution of which the destiny of the empire depends. The day may arrive before the century closes when matters such as now chiefly occupy the energies of Parliament will seem to be of local triviality or of personal concern; and if the British Empire falls on troublous times, there is satisfaction in knowing that we have statesmen to look to for action and advice, whose knowledge is equal to their patriotism.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

I.

"BUT if it be a girl?"

"Lord of my life, it cannot be. I have prayed for so many nights, and sent gifts to Sheikh Badl's shrine so often, that I know God will give us a son—a man-child that shall grow into a man. Think of this and be glad. My mother shall be his mother till I can take him again, and the mullah of the Pattan mosque shall cast his nativity—God send he be born in an auspicious hour!—and then, and then thou wilt never weary of me, thy slave."

"Since when hast thou been a slave, my queen?"

"Since the beginning—till this mercy came to me. How could I be sure of thy love when I knew that I had been bought with silver?"

"Nay, that was the dowry. I paid it to thy mother."

"And she has buried it, and sits upon it all day long like a hen. What talk is yours of dower! I was bought as though I had been a Lucknow dancing-girl instead of a child."

"Art thou sorry for the sale?"

"I have sorrowed; but to-day I am glad. Thou wilt never cease to love me now?—answer, my king."

"Never—never. No."

"Not even though the *mem-log*—the white women of thy own blood—love thee? And remember, I have watched them driving in the evening; they are very fair."

"I have seen fire-balloons by the hundred. I have seen the moon, and—then I saw no more fire-balloons."

Ameera clapped her hands and laughed. "Very good talk," she said. Then with an assumption of great stateliness: "It is enough. Thou hast my permission to depart,—if thou wilt."

The man did not move. He was sitting on a low, red-lacquered couch in a room furnished only with a blue and white floor-cloth, some rugs, and a very complete collection of native cushions. At his feet sat a woman of sixteen, and she was all but all the world in his eyes. By every rule and law she should have been otherwise, for he was an Englishman, and she a Mussulman's daughter bought two years before from her mother, who, being left without money, would have sold Ameera shrieking to the Prince of Darkness if the price had been sufficient.

It was a contract entered into with a light heart; but even before the girl had reached her bloom she came to fill the greater portion of John Holden's life. For her, and the withered hag her mother, he had taken a little house overlooking the great red-walled city, and found, — when the marigolds had sprung up by the well in the courtyard, and Ameera had established herself according to her own ideas of comfort, and her mother had ceased grumbling at the inadequacy of the cooking-places, the distance from the daily market, and at matters of house-keeping in general, — that the house was to him his home. Any one could enter his bachelor's bungalow by day or night, and the life that he led there was an unlovely one. In the house in the city his feet only could pass beyond the outer courtyard to the women's rooms; and when the big wooden gate was bolted behind him he was king in his own territory, with Ameera for queen. And there was going to be added to this kingdom a third person whose arrival Holden felt inclined to resent. It interfered with his perfect happiness. It disarranged the orderly peace of the house that was his own. But Ameera was wild with delight at the thought of it, and her mother not less so. The love of a man, and particularly a white man, was at the best an inconstant affair, but it might, both women argued, be held fast by a baby's hands. "And then," Ameera would always say, "then he will never care for the white mem-log. I hate them all — I hate them all."

"He will go back to his own people in time," said the mother; "but by the blessing of God that time is yet afar off."

Holden sat silent on the couch thinking of the future, and his thoughts were not pleasant. The drawbacks of a double life are manifold. The government, with singular care, had ordered him out of the station for a fortnight on special duty in the place of a man who was watching by

the bedside of a sick wife. The verbal notification of the transfer had been edged by a cheerful remark that Holden ought to think himself lucky in being a bachelor and a free man. He came to break the news to Ameera.

"It is not good," she said slowly, "but it is not all bad. There is my mother here, and no harm will come to me — unless indeed I die of pure joy. Go thou to thy work and think no troublesome thoughts. When the days are done I believe — nay, I am sure. And then — and then I shall lay *him* in thy arms, and thou wilt love me forever. The train goes to-night, at midnight is it not? Go now, and do not let thy heart be heavy by cause of me. But thou wilt not delay in returning? Thou wilt not stay on the road to talk to the bold white mem-log. Come back to me swiftly, my life."

As he left the courtyard to reach his horse that was tethered to the gate-post, Holden spoke to the white-haired old watchman who guarded the house, and bade him under certain contingencies despatch the filled-up telegraph-form that Holden gave him. It was all that could be done, and with the sensations of a man who has attended his own funeral Holden went away by the night-mail to his exile. Every hour of the day he dreaded the arrival of the telegram, and every hour of the night he pictured to himself the death of Ameera. In consequence his work for the State was not of first-rate quality, nor was his temper towards his colleagues of the most amiable. The fortnight ended without a sign from his home, and, torn to pieces by his anxieties, Holden returned to be swallowed up for two precious hours by a dinner at the club, wherein he heard, as a man hears in a swoon, voices telling him how execrably he had performed the other man's duties, and how he had endeared himself to all his associates. Then he fled on horseback through the night with his heart in his mouth. There was no answer at first to his blows on the gate, and he had just wheeled his horse round to kick it in when Pir Khan appeared with a lantern and held his stirrup.

"Has aught occurred?" said Holden.

"The news does not come from my mouth, protector of the poor, but —" He held out his shaking hand as befitted the bearer of good news who is entitled to a reward.

Holden hurried through the courtyard. A light burned in the upper room. His horse neighed in the gateway and he heard a shrill little wail that sent all the blood

into the apple of his throat. It was a new voice, but it did not prove that Ameera was alive.

"Who is there?" he called up the narrow brick staircase.

There was a cry of delight from Ameera, and then the voice of the mother, tremulous with old age and pride: "We be two women and — the — man — thy — son."

On the threshold of the room Holden stepped on a naked dagger, that was laid there to avert ill-luck, and it broke at the hilt under his impatient heel.

"God is great!" cooed Ameera in the half-light. "Thou hast taken his misfortunes on thy head."

"Ay, but how is it with thee, life of my life? Old woman, how is it with her?"

"She has forgotten her sufferings for joy that the child is born. There is no harm; but speak softly," said the mother.

"It only needed thy presence to make me all well," said Ameera. "My king, thou hast been very long away. What gifts hast thou for me? Ah, ah! It is I that bring gifts this time. Look, my life, look. Was there ever such a babe? Nay, I am too weak even to clear my arm from him."

"Rest then, and do not talk. I am here, *bachari* (little woman)."

"Well said, for there is a bond and a heel-rope (*peecharee*) between us now that nothing can break. Look — canst thou see in this light? He is without spot or blemish. Never was such a man-child. *Ya illah!* he shall be a pundit — no, a trooper of the queen. And, my life, dost thou love me as well as ever, though I am faint and sick and worn? Answer truly."

"Yea. I love as I have loved, with all my soul. Lie still, pearl, and rest."

"Then do not go. Sit by my side here — so. Mother, the lord of this house needs a cushion. Bring it." There was an almost imperceptible movement on the part of the new life that lay in the hollow of Ameera's arm. "Aho!" she said, her voice breaking with love. "The babe is a champion from his birth. He is kicking me in the side with mighty kicks. Was there ever such a babe! And he is ours to us — thine and mine. Put thy hand on his head, but carefully, for he is very young, and men are unskilled in such matters."

Very cautiously Holden touched with the tips of his fingers the downy head.

"He is of the Faith," said Ameera; "for lying here in the night-watches I whispered the call to prayer and the profession of faith into his ears. And it is

most marvellous that he was born upon a Friday, as I was born. Be careful of him, my life; but he can almost grip with his hands."

Holden found one helpless little hand that closed feebly on his finger. And the clutch ran through his limbs till it settled about his heart. Till then his sole thought had been for Ameera. He began to realize that there was some one else in the world, but he could not feel that it was a veritable son with a soul. He sat down to think, and Ameera dozed lightly.

"Get hence, sahib," said her mother under her breath. "It is not good that she should find you here on waking. She must be still."

"I go," said Holden submissively. "Here be rupees. See that my *baba* gets fat and finds all that he needs."

The chink of the silver roused Ameera. "I am his mother, and no hireling," she said weakly. "Shall I look to him more or less for the sake of money? Mother, give it back. I have born my lord a son."

The deep sleep of weakness came upon her almost before the sentence was completed. Holden went down to the courtyard very softly with his heart at ease. Pir Khan, the old watchman, was chuckling with delight. "This house is now complete," he said, and without further comment thrust into Holden's hands the hilt of a sabre worn many years ago when he, Pir Khan, served the queen in the police. The bleat of a tethered goat came from the well-kerb.

"There be two," said Pir Khan, "two goats of the best. I bought them, and they cost much money; and since there is no birth-party assembled their flesh will be all mine. Strike craftily, sahib! 'Tis an ill-balanced sabre at the best. Wait till they raise their heads from cropping the marigolds."

"And why?" said Holden, bewildered.

"For the birth-sacrifice. What else? Otherwise the child being unguarded from fate may die. The protector of the poor knows the fitting words to be said."

Holden had learned them once with little thought that he would ever speak them in earnest. The touch of the cold sabre-hilt in his palm turned suddenly to the clinging grip of the child up-stairs — the child that was his own son — and a dread of loss filled him.

"Strike!" said Pir Khan. "Never life came into the world but life was paid for it. See, the goats have raised their heads. Now! With a drawing cut!"

Hardly knowing what he did Holden

cut twice as he muttered the Mohammedan prayer that runs: "Almighty! In place of this my son I offer life for life, blood for blood, head for head, bone for bone, hair for hair, skin for skin." The waiting horse snorted and bounded in his pickets at the smell of the raw blood that spirted over Holden's riding-boots.

"Well smitten!" said Pir Khan, wiping the sabre. "A swordsman was lost in thee. Go with a light heart, Heaven-born. I am thy servant, and the servant of thy son. May the presence live a thousand years and — the flesh of the goats is all mine?" Pir Khan drew back richer by a month's pay. Holden swung himself into the saddle and rode off through the low-hanging wood-smoke of the evening. He was full of riotous exultation, alternating with a vast vague tenderness directed towards no particular object, that made him choke as he bent over the neck of his uneasy horse. "I never felt like this in my life," he thought. "I'll go to the club and pull myself together."

A game of pool was beginning, and the room was full of men. Holden entered, eager to get to the light and the company of his fellows, singing at the top of his voice: —

In Baltimore a-walking, a lady I did meet!

"Did you?" said the club-secretary from his corner. "Did she happen to tell you that your boots were wringing wet? Great goodness, man, it's blood!"

"Bosh!" said Holden, picking his cue from the rack. "May I cut in? It's dew. I've been riding through high crops. My faith! my boots are in a mess though!"

And if it be a girl she shall wear a wedding ring,

And if it be a boy he shall fight for his king,
With his dirk, and his cap, and his little jacket blue,

He shall walk the quarter-deck — "

"Yellow on blue — green next player," said the marker monotonously.

"*He shall walk the quarter-deck, — am I green, marker? He shall walk the quarter-deck, — eh! that's a bad shot, — as his daddy used to do!*"

"I don't see that you have anything to crow about," said a zealous junior civilian acidly. "The government is not exactly pleased with your work when you relieved Sanders."

"Does that mean a wiggling from headquarters?" said Holden with an abstracted smile. "I think I can stand it."

The talk beat up round the ever-fresh

subject of each man's work, and steadied Holden till it was time to go to his dark, empty bungalow, where his butler received him as one who knew all his affairs. Holden remained awake for the greater part of the night, and his dreams were pleasant ones.

II.

"How old is he now?"

"*Ya illah!* What a man's question! He is all but six weeks old; and on this night I go up to the house-top with thee, my life, to count the stars. For that is auspicious. And he was born on a Friday under the sign of the sun, and it has been told to me that he will outlive us both and get wealth. Can we wish for aught better, beloved?"

"There is nothing better. Let us go up to the roof, and thou shalt count the stars — but a few only, for the sky is heavy with cloud."

"The winter rains are late, and maybe they come out of season. Come, before all the stars are hid. I have put on my richest jewels."

"Thou hast forgotten the best of all."

"*Ai!* Ours. He comes also. He has never yet seen the skies."

Ameera climbed the narrow staircase that led to the flat roof. The child, placid and unwinking, lay in the hollow of her right arm, gorgeous in silver-fringed muslin with a small skull-cap on his head. Ameera wore all that she valued most. The diamond nose-stud that takes the place of the western patch in drawing attention to the curve of the nostril, the gold ornament in the centre of the forehead studded with tallow-drop emeralds and flawed rubies, the heavy circlet of beaten gold that was fastened round her neck by the softness of the pure metal, and the chinking, curb-patterned silver anklets hanging low over the rosy ankle-bone. She was dressed in jade-green muslin as befitted a daughter of the Faith, and from shoulder to elbow and elbow to wrist ran bracelets of silver tied with floss silk, frail glass bangles slipped over the wrist in proof of the slenderness of the hand, and certain heavy gold bracelets that had no part in her country's ornaments but, since they were Holden's gift and fastened with a cunning European snap, delighted her immensely.

They sat down by the low white parapet of the roof, overlooking the city and its lights.

"They are happy down there," said Ameera. "But I do not think that they

are as happy as we. Nor do I think the white mem-log are as happy. And thou?"

"I know they are not."

"How dost thou know?"

"They give their children over to the nurses."

"I have never seen that," said Ameera with a sigh, "nor do I wish to see. *Ahi!*" — she dropped her head on Holden's shoulder, — "I have counted forty stars, and I am tired. Look at the child, love of my life, he is counting too."

The baby was staring with round eyes at the dark of the heavens. Ameera placed him in Holden's arms, and he lay there without a cry.

"What shall we call him among ourselves?" she said. "Look! Art thou ever tired of looking? He carries thy very eyes. But the mouth —"

"Is thine, most dear. Who should know better than I?"

"Tis such a feeble mouth. Oh, so small! And yet it holds my heart between its lips. Give him to me now. He has been too long away."

"Nay, let him lie; he has not yet begun to cry."

"When he cries thou wilt give him back — eh! What a man of mankind thou art! If he cried he were only the dearer to me. But, my life, what little name shall we give him?"

The small body lay close to Holden's heart. It was utterly helpless and very soft. He scarcely dared to breathe for fear of crushing it. The caged green parrot that is regarded as a sort of guardian spirit in most native households moved on its perch and fluttered a drowsy wing.

"There is the answer," said Holden. "Mian Mittu has spoken. He shall be the parrot. When he is ready he will talk mightily and run about. Mian Mittu is the parrot in thy — in the Mussulman tongue, is it not?"

"Why put me so far off?" said Ameera fretfully. "Let it be like unto some English name — but not wholly. For he is mine."

"Then call him Tota, for that is likest English."

"Ay, Tota, and that is still the parrot. Forgive me, my lord, for a minute ago, but in truth he is too little to wear all the weight of Mian Mittu for name. He shall be Tota — our Tota to us. Hearest thou, oh, small one? Littlest, thou art Tota." She touched the child's cheek, and he waking wailed, and it was necessary to return him to his mother, who soothed

him with the wonderful rhyme of *Aré koko, Ja ré koko!* which says: —

Oh, crow! Go crow! Baby's sleeping sound,
And the wild plums grow in the jungle, only
a penny a pound.
Only a penny a pound, *baba*, only a penny a pound.

Reassured many times as to the price of those plums, Tota cuddled himself down to sleep. The two sleek, white well-bullocks in the courtyard were steadily chewing the cud of their evening meal; old Pir Khan squatted at the head of Holden's horse, his police sabre across his knee, pulling drowsily at a big water-pipe that croaked like a bull-frog in a pond. Ameera's mother sat spinning in the lower verandah, and the wooden gate was shut and barred. The music of a marriage procession came to the roof above the gentle hum of the city, and a string of flying-foxes crossed the face of the low moon.

"I have prayed," said Ameera after a long pause, "I have prayed for two things. First, that I may die in thy stead if thy death is demanded, and in the second that I may die in the place of the child. I have prayed to the Prophet and to Beebee Miriam [the 'Virgin Mary']. Thinkest thou either will hear?"

"From thy lips who would not hear the lightest word?"

"I asked for straight talk, and thou hast given me sweet talk. Will my prayers be heard?"

"How can I say? God is very good."

"Of that I am not sure. Listen now. When I die, or the child dies, what is thy fate? Living, thou wilt return to the bold white mem-log, for kind calls to kind."

"Not always."

"With a woman, no; with a man it is otherwise. Thou wilt in this life, later on, go back to thine own folk. That I could almost endure, for I should be dead. But in thy very death thou wilt be taken away to a strange place and a paradise that I do not know."

"Will it be paradise?"

"Surely, for who would harm thee? But we two — I and the child — shall be elsewhere, and we cannot come to thee, nor canst thou come to us. In the old days, before the child was born, I did not think of these things; but now I think of them always. It is very hard talk."

"It will fall as it will fall. To-morrow we do not know, but to-day and love we know well. Surely we are happy now."

"So happy that it were well to make our happiness assured. And thy Beebee

Miriam should listen to me; for she is also a woman. But then she would envy me! It is not seemly for men to worship a woman."

Holden laughed aloud at Ameera's little spasm of jealousy.

"Is it not seemly? Why didst thou not turn me from worship of thee, then?"

"Thou a worshipper! And of me! My king, for all thy sweet words, well I know that I am thy servant and thy slave, and the dust under thy feet. And I would not have it otherwise. See!"

Before Holden could prevent her she stooped forward and touched his feet; recovering herself with a little laugh she hugged Tota closer to her bosom. Then, almost savagely, —

"Is it true that the bold white mem-log live for three times the length of my life? Is it true that they make their marriages not before they are old women?"

"They marry as do others — when they are women."

"That I know, but they wed when they are twenty-five. Is that true?"

"That is true."

"*Ya illah!* At twenty-five. Who would of his own will take a wife even of eighteen? She is a woman — aging every hour. Twenty-five! I shall be an old woman at that age, and — Those mem-log remain young forever. How I hate them!"

"What have they to do with us?"

"I cannot tell. I know only that there may now be alive on this earth a woman ten years older than I who may come to thee and take thy love ten years after I am an old woman, grey-headed, and the nurse of Tota's son. That is unjust and evil. They should die too."

"Now, for all thy years thou art a child, and shalt be picked up and carried down the staircase."

"Tota! Have a care for Tota, my lord! Thou at least art as foolish as any babe!" Ameera tucked Tota out of harm's way in the hollow of her neck, and was carried down-stairs laughing in Holden's arms, while Tota opened his eyes and smiled after the manner of the lesser angels.

He was a silent infant, and almost before Holden could realize that he was in the world, developed into a small, gold-colored little god and unquestioned despot of the house overlooking the city. Those were months of absolute happiness to Holden and Ameera — happiness withdrawn from the world, shut in behind the wooden gate that Pir Khan guarded. By

day Holden did his work with an immense pity for such as were not so fortunate as himself, and a sympathy for small children that amazed and amused many mothers at the little station-gatherings. At nightfall he returned to Ameera, — Ameera full of the wondrous doings of Tota, how he had been seen to clap his hands together and move his fingers with intention and purpose — which was manifestly a miracle — how later, he had of his own initiative crawled out of his low bedstead on to the floor and swayed on both feet for the space of three breaths.

"And they were long breaths, for my heart stood still with delight," said Ameera.

Then he took the beasts into his councils — the well-bullocks, the little grey squirrels, the mongoose that lived in a hole near the well, and especially Mian Mittu, the parrot, whose tail he grievously pulled, and Mian Mittu screamed till Ameera and Holden arrived.

"Oh, villain! Child of strength! This to thy brother on the house-top! *Tobah, tobah!* Fie! Fie! But I know a charm to make him wise as Suleiman and Aflatoon [Solomon and Plato]. Now look," said Ameera. She drew from an embroidered bag a handful of almonds. "See! we count seven. In the name of God!"

She placed Mian Mittu, very angry and rumped, on the top of his cage, and seating herself between the babe and the bird she cracked and peeled an almond less white than her teeth. "This is a true charm, my life, and do not laugh. See! I give the parrot one half and Tota the other." Mian Mittu with careful beak took his share from between Ameera's lips, and she kissed the other half into the mouth of the child, who ate it slowly with wondering eyes. "This I will do each day of seven, and without doubt he who is ours will be a bold speaker and wise. Eh, Tota, what wilt thou be when thou art a man and I am grey-headed?" Tota tucked his fat legs into adorable creases. He could crawl, but he was not going to waste the spring of his youth in idle speech. He wanted Mian Mittu's tail to tweak.

When he was advanced to the dignity of a silver belt — which, with a magic square engraved on silver and hung round his neck, made up the greater part of his clothing — he staggered on a perilous journey down the garden to Pir Khan and proffered him all his jewels in exchange for one little ride on Holden's horse, hav-

ing seen his mother's mother chaffering with peddlars in the verandah. Pir Khan wept and set the untired feet on his own grey head in sign of fealty, and brought the bold adventurer to his mother's arms, vowing that Tota would be a leader of men ere his beard was grown.

One hot evening while he sat on the roof between his father and mother watching the never-ending warfare of the kites that the city boys flew, he demanded a kite of his own with Pir Khan to fly it, because he had a fear of dealing with anything larger than himself, and when Holden called him a "spark," he rose to his feet and answered slowly in defence of his new-found individuality: "*Hum 'park nahin hai. Hom admi hai.*" (I am no spark, but a man.)

The protest made Holden choke and devote himself very seriously to a consideration of Tota's future. He need hardly have taken the trouble. The delight of that life was too perfect to endure. Therefore it was taken away as many things are taken away in India—suddenly and without warning. The little lord of the house, as Pir Khan called him, grew sorrowful and complained of pains, who had never known the meaning of pain. Ameera, wild with terror, watched him through the night, and in the dawning of the second day the life was shaken out of him by fever—the seasonal autumn fever. It seemed altogether impossible that he could die, and neither Ameera nor Holden at first believed the evidence of the little body on the bedstead. Then Ameera beat her head against the wall and would have flung herself down the well in the garden had not Holden restrained her by main force.

One mercy only was granted to Holden. He rode to his office in broad daylight and found waiting him an unusually heavy mail that demanded concentrated attention and hard work. He was not, however, alive to this kindness of the gods.

III.

THE first shock of a bullet is no more than a brisk pinch. The wrecked body does not send in its protest to the soul till ten or fifteen seconds later. Holden realized his pain slowly, exactly as he had realized his happiness, and with the same imperious necessity for hiding all trace of it. In the beginning he only felt that there had been a loss, and that Ameera needed comforting, where she sat with her head on her knees shivering as Mian Mittu from the house-top called, *Tota! Tota!*

Tota! Later all his world and the daily life of it rose up to hurt him. It was an outrage that any one of the children at the band-stand in the evening should be alive and clamorous, when his own child lay dead. It was more than mere pain when one of them touched him, and stories told by over-fond fathers of their children's latest performances cut him to the quick. He could not declare his pain. He had neither help, comfort, nor sympathy; and Ameera at the end of each weary day would lead him through the hell of self-questioning reproach which is reserved for those who have lost a child, and believe that with a little—just a little more care—it might have been saved.

"Perhaps," Ameera would say, "I did not take sufficient heed. Did I, or did I not? The sun on the roof that day when he played so long alone and I was—*ahi!* braiding my hair—it may be that the sun then bred the fever. If I had warned him from the sun he might have lived. But, oh my life, say that I am guiltless! Thou knowest that I loved him as I love thee. Say that there is no blame on me, or I shall die—I shall die!"

"There is no blame,—before God, none. It was written and how could we do aught to save? What has been, has been. Let it go, beloved."

"He was all my heart to me. How can I let the thought go when my arm tells me every night that he is not here? *Ahi! Ahi!* Oh Tota come back to me—come back again, and let us be all together as it was before!"

"Peace, peace! For thine own sake, and for mine also, if thou lovest me—rest."

"By this I know thou dost not care; and how shouldst thou? The white men have hearts of stone and souls of iron. Oh, that I had married a man of mine own people—though he beat me, and had never eaten the bread of an alien!"

"Am I an alien—mother of my son?"

"What else—sahib? Oh, forgive me—forgive! The death has driven me mad. Thou art the life of my heart, and the light of my eyes, and the breath of my life, and—and I have put thee from me though it was but for a moment. If thou goest away to whom shall I look for help? Do not be angry. Indeed, it was the pain that spoke and not thy slave."

"I know. I know. We be two who were three. The greater need therefore that we should be one."

They were sitting on the roof as of custom. The night was a warm one in early

spring, and sheet-lightning was dancing on the horizon to a broken tune played by far-off thunder. Ameera settled herself in Holden's arms.

"The dry earth is lowing like a cow for the rain, and I — I am afraid. It was not like this when we counted the stars. But thou lovest me as much as before, though a bond is taken away? Answer!"

"I love more because a new bond has come out of the sorrow that we have eaten together, and that thou knowest."

"Yes, I know," said Ameera in a very small whisper. "But it is good to hear thee say so, my life, who art so strong to help. I will be a child no more, but a woman and an aid to thee. Listen! Give me my *sitar* and I will sing bravely."

She took the light, silver-studded *sitar* and began a song of the great hero, Rajah Rasalu. The hand failed on the strings, the tune halted, checked, and at a low note turned off to the poor little nursery rhyme about the wicked crow: —

And the wild plums grow in the jungle, only
a penny a pound.
Only a penny a pound, *baba* — only —

Then came the tears, and the piteous rebellion against fate till she slept, moaning a little in her sleep, with the right arm thrown clear of the body as though it protected something that was not there. It was after this night that life became a little easier for Holden. The ever-present pain of loss drove him into his work, and the work repaid him by filling up his mind for eight or nine hours a day. Ameera sat alone in the house and brooded, but grew happier when she understood that Holden was more at ease, according to the custom of women. They touched happiness again, but this time with caution.

"It was because we loved Tota that he died. The jealousy of God was upon us," said Ameera. "I have hung up a large black jar before our window to turn the evil eye from us, and we must make no protestations of delight, but go softly underneath the stars, lest God find us out. Is that not good talk, worthless one?"

She had shifted the accent on the word that means "beloved," in proof of the sincerity of her purpose. But the kiss that followed the new christening was a thing that any deity might have envied. They went about henceforward, saying, "It is naught, it is naught;" and hoping that all the powers heard.

The powers were busy on other things. They had allowed thirty million people four years of plenty wherein men fed well

and the crops were certain and the birth-rate rose year by year; the districts reported a purely agricultural population varying from nine hundred to two thousand to the square mile of the overburdened earth; and the member for Lower Tooting, wandering about India in top-hat and frock-coat, talked largely of the benefits of British rule, and suggested as the one thing needful the establishment of a duly qualified electoral system and a general bestowal of the franchise. His long-suffering hosts smiled and made him welcome, and when he paused to admire, with pretty, picked words, the blossom of the blood-red *dhak* tree that had flowered untimely for a sign of what was coming, they smiled more than ever.

It was the deputy commissioner of Kot-Kumharsen, staying at the club for a day, who lightly told a tale that made Holden's blood run cold as he overheard the end.

"He won't bother any one any more. Never saw a man so astonished in my life. By Jove, I thought he meant to ask a question in the House about it. Fellow-passenger in his ship — dined next him — bowled over by cholera and died in eighteen hours. You needn't laugh, you fellows. The member for Lower Tooting is awfully angry about it; but he's more scared. I think he's going to take his enlightened self out of India."

"I'd give a good deal if he were knocked over. It might keep a few vestrymen of his kidney to their own parish. But what's this about cholera? It's full early for anything of that kind," said a warden of an unprofitable salt-lick.

"Don't know," said the deputy commissioner reflectively. "We've got locusts with us. There's sporadic cholera all along the north — at least we're calling it sporadic for decency's sake. The spring crops are short in five districts, and nobody seems to know where the rains are. It's nearly March now. I don't want to scare anybody, but it seems to me that nature's going to audit her accounts with a big red pencil this summer."

"Just when I wanted to take leave, too!" said a voice across the room.

"There won't be much leave this year, but there ought to be a great deal of promotion. I've come in to persuade the government to put my pet canal on the list of famine relief-works. It's an ill-wind that blows no good. I shall get that canal finished at last."

"Is it the old programme then," said Holden; "famine, fever, and cholera?"

"Oh no. Only local scarcity and an

unusual prevalence of seasonal sickness. You'll find it all in the reports if you live till next year. You're a lucky chap. You haven't got a wife to put out of harm's way. The hill-stations ought to be full of women this year."

"I think you're inclined to exaggerate the talk in the *bazars*," said a young civilian in the secretariat. Now, I have observed —"

"I dare say you have," said the deputy commissioner, "but you've a great deal more to observe, my son. In the mean time, I wish to observe to you —" and he drew him aside to discuss the construction of the canal that was so dear to his heart. Holden went to his bungalow and began to understand that he was not alone in the world, and also that he was afraid for the sake of another, — which is the most soul-satisfying fear known to man.

Two months later, as the deputy had foretold, nature began to audit her accounts with a red pencil. On the heels of the spring-reapings came a cry for bread, and the government, which had decreed that no man should die of want, sent wheat. Then came the cholera from all four quarters of the compass. It struck a pilgrim-gathering of half a million at a sacred shrine. Many died at the feet of their god; the others broke and ran over the face of the land carrying the pestilence with them. It smote a walled city and killed two hundred a day. The people crowded the trains, hanging on to the foot-boards and squatting on the roofs of the carriages, and the cholera followed them, for at each station they dragged out the dead and the dying. They died by the roadside, and the horses of the Englishmen shied at the corpses in the grass. The rains did not come, and the earth turned to iron lest man should escape death by hiding in her. The English sent their wives away to the hills and went about their work, coming forward as they were bidden to fill the gaps in the fighting-line. Holden, sick with fear of losing his chiefest treasure on earth, had done his best to persuade Ameera to go away with her mother to the Himalayas.

"Why should I go?" said she one evening on the roof.

"There is sickness, and people are dying, and all the white mem-log have gone."

"All of them?"

"All — unless perhaps there remain some old scald-head who vexes her husband's heart by running risk of death."

"Nay; who stays is my sister, and thou

must not abuse her, for I will be a scald-head too. I am glad all the bold mem-log are gone."

"Do I speak to a woman or a babe? Go to the hills and I will see to it that thou goest like a queen's daughter. Think, child. In a red-lacquered bullock-cart, veiled and curtained, with brass peacocks upon the pole and red cloth hangings. I will send two orderlies for guard and —"

"Peace! Thou art the babe in speaking thus. What use are those toys to me? *He* would have patted the bullocks and played with the housings. For his sake, perhaps — thou hast made me very English — I might have gone. Now, I will not. Let the mem-log run."

"Their husbands are sending them, beloved."

"Very good talk. Since when hast thou been my husband to tell me what to do? I have but born thee a son. Thou art only all the desire of my soul to me. How shall I depart when I know that if evil befall thee by the breadth of so much as my littlest finger-nail — is that not small? — I should be aware of it though I were in paradise. And here, this summer thou mayst die — *ai janes*, die! and in dying they might call to tend thee a white woman, and she would rob me of the last of thy love!"

"But love is not born in a moment or on a death-bed!"

"What dost thou know of love, stone-heart? She would take thy thanks at least and, by God and the Prophet and Beebe Miriam the mother of thy Prophet, that I will never endure. My lord and my love, let there be no more foolish talk of going away. Where thou art, I am. It is enough." She put an arm round his neck and a hand on his mouth.

There are not many happinesses so complete as those that are snatched under the shadow of the sword. They sat together and laughed, calling each other openly by every pet name that could move the wrath of the gods. The city below them was locked up in its own torments. Sulphur fires blazed in the streets; the conches in the Hindu temples screamed and bellowed, for the gods were inattentive in those days. There was a service in the great Mohammedan shrine, and the call to prayer from the minarets was almost unceasing. They heard the wailing in the houses of the dead, and once the shriek of a mother who had lost a child and was calling for its return. In the grey dawn they saw the dead borne out through the city gates, each litter with its own little

knot of mourners. Wherefore they kissed each other and shivered.

It was a red and heavy audit, for the land was very sick and needed a little breathing-space ere the torrent of cheap life should flood it anew. The children of immature fathers and undeveloped mothers made no resistance. They were cowed and sat still, waiting till the sword should be sheathed in November if it were so willed. There were gaps among the English, but the gaps were filled. The work of superintending famine-relief, cholera-sheds, medicine-distribution, and what little sanitation was possible, went forward because it was so ordered.

Holden had been told to keep himself in readiness to move to replace the next man who should fall. There were twelve hours in each day when he could not see Ameera, and she might die in three. He was considering what his pain would be if he could not see her for three months, or if she died out of his sight. He was absolutely certain that her death would be demanded — so certain that when he looked up from the telegram and saw Pir Khan breathless in the doorway, he laughed aloud, "And?" said he —

"When there is a cry in the night and the spirit flutters into the throat, who has a charm that will restore? Come swiftly, Heaven-born! It is the black cholera."

Holden galloped to his home. The sky was heavy with clouds, for the long-deferred rains were near and the heat was stifling. Ameera's mother met him in the courtyard, whimpering, "She is dying. She is nursing herself into death. She is all but dead. What shall I do, sahib?"

Ameera was lying in the room in which Tota had been born. She made no sign when Holden entered because the human soul is a very lonely thing, and when it is getting ready to go away, hides itself in a misty borderland where the living may not follow. The black cholera does its work quietly and without explanation. Ameera was being thrust out of life as though the Angel of Death had himself put his hand upon her. The quick breathing seemed to show that she was neither afraid nor in pain, but neither eyes nor mouth gave any answer to Holden's kisses. There was nothing to be said or done. Holden could only wait and suffer. The first drops of the rain began to fall on the roof and he could hear shouts of joy in the parched city.

The soul came back a little and the lips moved. Holden bent down to listen. "Keep nothing of mine," said Ameera.

"Take no hair from my head. *She* would make thee burn it later on. That flame I should feel. Lower! Stoop lower! Remember only that I was thine and bore thee a son. Though thou wed a white woman to-morrow, the pleasure of receiving in thy arms thy first son is taken from thee forever. Remember me when thy son is born — the one that shall carry thy name before all men. His misfortunes be on my head. I bear witness — I bear witness" — the lips were forming the words on his ear — "that there is no God but — thee, beloved!"

Then she died. Holden sat still, and all thought was taken from him, — till he heard Ameera's mother lift the curtain.

"Is she dead, sahib?"

"She is dead."

"Then I will mourn, and afterwards take an inventory of the furniture in this house. For that will be mine. The sahib does not mean to resume it? It is so little, so very little, sahib, and I am an old woman. I would like to lie softly."

"For the mercy of God, be silent a while. Go out and mourn where I cannot hear."

"Sahib, she will be buried in four hours."

"I know the custom. I shall go ere she is taken away. That matter is in thy hands. Look to it, that the bed on which — on which she lies —"

"Aha! That beautiful red-lacquered bed. I have long desired —"

"That the bed is left here untouched for my disposal. All else in the house is thine. Hire a cart, take everything, go hence, and before sunrise let there be nothing in this house but that which I have ordered thee to respect."

"I am an old woman. I would stay at least for the days of mourning, and the rains have just broken. Whither shall I go?"

"What is that to me? My order is that there is a going. The house-gear is worth a thousand rupees and my orderly shall bring thee a hundred rupees to-night."

"That is very little. Think of the cart-hire."

"It shall be nothing unless thou goest, and with speed. O woman, get hence and leave me to my dead!"

The mother shuffled down the staircase, and in her anxiety to take stock of the house-fittings forgot to mourn. Holden stayed by Ameera's side and the rain roared on the roof. He could not think connectedly by reason of the noise, though

he made many attempts to do so. Then four sheeted ghosts glided dripping into the room and stared at him through their veils. They were the washers of the dead. Holden left the room and went out to his horse. He had come in a dead, stifling calm through ankle-deep dust. He found the courtyard a rain-lashed pond alive with frogs; a torrent of yellow water ran under the gate, and a roaring wind drove the bolts of the rain like buck-shot against the mud walls. Pir Khan was shivering in his little hut by the gate, and the horse was stamping uneasily in the water.

"I have been told the sahib's order," said Pir Khan. "It is well. This house is now desolate. I go also, for my monkey-face would be a reminder of that which has been. Concerning the bed, I will bring that to thy house yonder in the morning; but remember, sahib, it will be to thee a knife turned in a green wound. I go upon a pilgrimage, and I will take no money. I have grown fat in the protection of the presence whose sorrow is my sorrow. For the last time I hold his stirrup."

He touched Holden's foot with both hands and the horse sprang out into the road, where the creaking bamboos were whipping the sky and all the frogs were chuckling. Holden could not see for the rain in his face. He put his hands before his eyes and muttered, —

"Oh, you brute! You utter brute!"

The news of his trouble was already in his bungalow. He read the knowledge in his butler's eyes when Ahmed Khan brought in food, and for the first and last time in his life laid a hand upon his master's shoulder, saying: "Eat, sahib, eat. Meat is good against sorrow. I also have known. Moreover the shadows come and go, sahib; the shadows come and go. These be curried eggs."

Holden could neither eat nor sleep. The heavens sent down eight inches of rain in that night and washed the earth clean. The waters tore down walls, broke roads, and scoured open the shallow graves on the Mohammedan burying-ground. All next day it rained, and Holden sat still in his house considering his sorrow. On the morning of the third day he received a telegram which said only: "Rickells, Myndonie. Dying. Holden relieve. Immediate." Then he thought that before he departed he would look at the house wherein he had been master and lord. There was a break in the weather, and the rank earth steamed with vapor.

He found that the rains had torn down the mud pillars of the gateway, and the heavy wooden gate that had guarded his life hung lazily from one hinge. There was grass three inches high in the courtyard; Pir Khan's lodge was empty, and the sodden thatch sagged between the beams. A grey squirrel was in possession of the verandah, as if the house had been untenanted for thirty years instead of three days. Ameera's mother had removed everything except some mildewed matting. The *tick-tick* of the little scorpions as they hurried across the floor was the only sound in the house. Ameera's room and the other one where Tota had lived were heavy with mildew; and the narrow staircase leading to the roof was streaked and stained with rain-borne mud. Holden saw all these things, and came out again to meet in the road Durga Dass, his landlord, — portly, affable, clothed in white muslin, and driving a C-spring buggy. He was overlooking his property to see how the roofs stood the stress of the first rains.

"I have heard," said he, "you will not take this place any more, sahib?"

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Perhaps I shall let it again."

"Then I will keep it on while I am away."

Durga Dass was silent for some time. "You shall not take it on, sahib," he said. "When I was a young man I also —, but to-day I am a member of the Municipality. Ho! Ho! No. When the birds have gone what need to keep the nest? I will have it pulled down — the timber will sell for something always. It shall be pulled down, and the Municipality shall make a road across, as they desire, from the burning *ghaut* to the city wall, so that no man may say where this house stood."

RUDYARD KIPLING.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
LIFE IN DAMASCUS.

A RESIDENCE of some years in Damascus made me realize in a peculiar manner the force of the words used by the sweet psalmist of Israel when he said in the twenty-third Psalm, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters." Here, in our own favored country, we are accustomed to the almost continued aspect of green hill and dale. Our winters are seldom so cold or our summers so hot as to deprive

us for a long time of the sight of green lawns and trees, and the running rivulet and silvery lake form generally a pleasing accompaniment to the scene. "Oh," said a young lady to me on the deck of a P. and O. steamer as we neared the shores of England, "how glad I shall be to see dear old England again! It is two years since I have seen a green hill or a green lawn, or any bit of green-covered ground. You cannot imagine how much I am longing for a sight of it." I could well understand her sensations, for she had been for two years in India.

I have been on the glorious mountains of Lebanon, and among the far-famed gardens of Damascus, and while doing full justice to the varied and picturesque scenery that meets the eye at almost every step on the tops and slopes of the former, and to the rich beauty and fragrance of the masses of roses and flowers and flowering trees in the latter, which, once seen, are never forgotten, I can still say that I have never seen anything to equal a bit of green lawn or hill in England. But the frequency of the sight in our own country prevents our wishing and longing for it, and in every-day conversation, as well as in verse and prose, speaking of it as if it were almost the very greatest boon in life, which is very often done in Damascus.

During my residence there, which extended over some years, I had much opportunity for studying the private habits and customs, and inner home-life, of the people, and, being able to converse with them in their own language, I have spent many hours with them in their own homes by the side of the running water in the bahra, and under the shadow of the lemon-tree and oleander-bush found in almost every court; for poor indeed must that man be, and wretchedly poor is his house considered, if neither bahra nor lemon-tree graces the little court around which his rooms are built. As I go on I will describe one day in the life of a Christian artisan. I say Christian, for the Mohamedans, who compose the greater part of the population of Damascus, lead a life of their own, and are most fanatical and bigoted, and too little fitted to enjoy the simple pleasures of nature. The Greek, Roman Catholic, and Latin Christians, who since the fearful massacres of 1860-1 have dwindled down to not more than six or seven thousand, are a hard-working people, and it is in the daily life of one of this class of every-day workers that the love of green pastures and still waters is a part and parcel of his nature.

The houses in Damascus are built with the doors opening into a court or hall; in the large and grand houses of the rich there are several courts, all but the outer one paved with marble. In the middle of each court is a large basin, or bahra, into which the water flows continually. Around the court or courts are built the reception and living rooms of the family. Above these are the frankat, or sleeping apartments. One room on the lower floor, between the two grandest reception-rooms, has the whole side towards the court open. Cool mats cover the floor; divans covered with chintz, and these again covered with snow-white covers, grace the three sides of the room; a large lantern is suspended from the roof, and this is *par excellence* the family room during the greater part of the year. Climbing vines, roses, and jasmynes cover the walls; large trees—not bushes—of oleander (red and white), lemon, citron, and orange trees, covered with flowers and fruit in all their different stages, flowering geraniums, sweet-scented verbenas, and other flowers too numerous to mention, filling up the narrow beds that line the court around the trees and near the walls. The view is beautiful from the terrace, which is a delightful place for an evening promenade. I remember while walking with a friend on one of those terraces one lovely moonlight evening, as we looked down into the court, he turned and said to me: "Well, I never could have imagined anything more fairylike and picturesque! How could any one bear the poky houses in England after this?"

The very poorest houses have their little single court paved with stone, their little lewan, or room open to the court, which almost invariably has its bahra of stone or marble, its fragrant creepers climbing the walls, and at least one lemon, or orange, or citron tree, so as always to have the pleasant shade of green before their eyes and the soothing sound of cool, sparkling, running water in their ears. They are almost invariably early risers; the class to which our family of artisans belong are generally on their feet before dawn. Their ablutions are freely performed around the bahra, or basin, as within two inches of it there are holes perforated in the pavement to let off the dirty water. Hands, face, and feet are freely washed, but anything more than that is left for the privacy of the public baths, of which there are many in Damascus. I have known an English gentleman dive into the bahra in his house and take his matutinal bath every morning, but this is

never done by the Easterns, although the water is always running, and they drink only from a sabha, or fountain, through which the water flows into the basin, as they love to keep it pure and sparkling just for the sense of pleasure it gives to the eye.

I will single out one day in the month of May, 1877. The morning rises bright and clear, and the air is laden with the rich perfume of the many gardens which environ Damascus. One thousand and three hundred is, if I mistake not, about their number, taken in a round sum. The view of the city of Damascus from the old road which comes over the hill behind the Saliheyeh (a village on the outskirts of it) is most beautiful, as the white houses, domes, and minarets, lying in the form of a great kite, the thoroughly Mohamedan suburb of the Meidan supplying the tail, and all surrounded by the ever-green verdure of the gardens, with the rivers Barada and Nahr-el-Awaj (the ancient Abana and Pharpar of old, to which Naaman the leper in Bible history so proudly alluded), fully justify what the prophet Mohamed is reported to have said of it. He, no doubt, saw it first from the top of the hill, as that was the only road in existence before the French road was made, and four-footed animals were the only means of conveyance. The legend says that being arrived at the summit of the hill (no doubt on the back of a camel, for he was a Bedouin of the desert), he arrested his animal and looked for some time in silence and wonder on the scene; then, turning to his followers, said, "There is fardose (paradise) on earth; but as to man only one fardose is permitted, and I prefer to enjoy the heavenly one, let us go hence, for I will not enter it." Thus, according to the Mohamedan legend, notwithstanding the long and weary journey, well known to all who have visited Damascus some forty years ago, the Prophet was too dazed by its beauties to venture upon a nearer acquaintance with it. The people of Damascus are, as I have said, an essentially pleasure-loving race, and though they may have little else besides dry bread to eat, as long as their eye rests on green verdure and their ear is saluted with the sound of running water they are satisfied.

Their greatest delight is to spend the whole (if a feast day; the part, if a working one) of each day in the open fields, around a sparkling stream of water, where, under the shade of the lemon or orange or kharoub tree, they enjoy their simple meal of bread and fruit. A stroll at early dawn

presents to the eye a pretty picture of many of these groups dotted here and there and everywhere, taking their simple al fresco breakfast. I only describe what I myself have assisted at, for, with true patriarchal hospitality, the passing stranger is invited to come and take a share of whatever is being eaten, whether it be simple or whether it be sumptuous.

The children frisk around the older people, but happily keep out of mischief in obedience to repeated injunctions of "Rasheed, take care what you do," "Milhim, look after your little sister," etc. A peasant passes with his cow, and for a trifle willingly fills the large tin coffee-pot with milk. Khaleel, the eldest son, gathers a few dry sticks and lights them, while Fareeda, his sister, attends to the coffee, made by throwing a few spoonfuls of it into the milk just before it boils, and then watching it attentively, and raising it off the fire each time it threatens to bubble over, until it becomes quite clear on the top, after which it is taken off the fire and left to stand on one side for a few minutes with the cover off. The mother brings out a small jar of honey; Zahra, another daughter, lays out the piles of freshly gathered purple mulberries or fragrant apricots on their own green leaves instead of plates; Naseef, another son, brings out the flat cakes of native, home-made bread, the cups and plates (either of tin or of the cheapest delf), and then folding up his jacket, which he had thrown off on account of the heat, and laying it down for his mother to sit upon, he begins serving the coffee by carefully attending first to his father, if that worthy man has been able to accompany his family, in which case he has been sitting during these preparations gravely smoking his pipe, and throwing in a good-natured observation or suggestion now and then to one or other of the party. Many of these breakfasts are over by sunrise, as the men, being mostly artisans, are obliged to hie away to their shops at an early hour. When the father and the elder sons have gone, and the little ones are packed off to school, the mother and daughters set to the making of beds, the sweeping of rooms, the sponging of the cool mats that cover the floors.

The midday meal is now carefully prepared, to be ready on the return of the bread-winners, which will be soon after the muezzin has uttered his call to the faithful at the hour of noon. The skemla, or small low table, is brought out and placed near the masnad, or low divan, where the father usually sits when at

home; on it is placed the sooddur, or tray, usually made of brass, and kept bright and shining, and the little meal is tastefully arranged. The plates are very small, but clean; one contains a few olives, another a little toorshi, or home-made pickles, another a small piece of white native cheese and a few daintily washed radishes, and in the middle a loaf of bread and an earthenware goolah of water, which has been hung out all night in the open air and is deliciously cool.

The mother and daughters then sit down to their work; for if the daughters are over fourteen they are expected to do their share towards their own maintenance, and accordingly one brings out her sewing, which she does for the tailors and is paid by piece-work; another brings out her cushion and bobbins for the making of cords and trimmings, which are largely used in Eastern costumes; and the mother brings out her stand for reeling off the coarse undyed silk and preparing it for the loom.

The midday call to prayer is no sooner sounded from the minaret than the patterning of little feet is heard. "Take care and wipe your feet carefully before you come in," calls out the mother anxiously, as she cranes her neck to get a glimpse of them from the open door, and trembles for her clean hall, but unwilling to cease her work even for a moment if she can help it. She calls the steadiest of the little group to her, gives him a small flat loaf, which she opens and fills with fruit if she has it in the house, or with an onion or small bit of cheese, and, telling him to eat his lunch as he goes along, sends him to his father to carry anything his father may have to bring home, as on his way to or from his shop the father has somehow managed to purchase the materials for the evening meal, which are now safely placed in a small kooffa, or marketing basket, and consigned to the little boy, who proudly walks along in front of his father towards home.

On reaching home the frugal meal is quickly eaten, while family affairs are cheerfully discussed. It is a bright and busy scene and quickly got over, and all return to their labors—the men to their shops, the children to the school, and the girls to their work, while the mother opens the kooffa to see what her husband has brought home to be cooked for the dinner, which is always taken after the labor of the day is over. On working days this is something that requires but little preparation. If a fasting day, probably it will be

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The lettuce, etc., brought for the salad—for without a salad of some sort the kebab is seldom eaten—is placed on the bahra, or basin of running water, to keep cool till needed.

If a stew is to be prepared instead of kebab, a handful of charcoal is thrown into the little clay tubach, or stove, used alike by rich and poor, and kindled with a few tiny sticks; the meat and vegetables, always including one or more onions, are carefully browned in clarified butter and placed in a cooking-pot on the fire, the vegetables uppermost; the seasoning is added, and just enough water to cover the whole. The pot is covered up and left to simmer slowly all the afternoon, while mother and daughters go on steadily and busily plying their fingers. Visitors drop in. The daily news is discussed. The little coffee-pot on the brass mongal, always kept hot by its tiny bit of fire, is called into requisition again and again, as to each person dropping in is handed about two thimblefuls of its contents in a tiny finjan, or cup resting in its yurri, or holder, which among the poorer classes is made of brass.

As sunset draws near one of the daughters gets up and lays her work in its place, and busies herself with the remainder of the preparations for dinner. The kebab, which have already been put on the skewers, are carefully broiled on a clear fire; or the stew is turned over to see if the meat is tender and the gravy is reduced to its proper consistency and quantity. A few drops of lemon-juice are always

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If a stew is to be prepared instead of kebab, a handful of charcoal is thrown into the little clay tubach, or stove, used alike by rich and poor, and kindled with a few tiny sticks; the meat and vegetables, always including one or more onions, are carefully browned in clarified butter and placed in a cooking-pot on the fire, the vegetables uppermost; the seasoning is added, and just enough water to cover the whole. The pot is covered up and left to simmer slowly all the afternoon, while mother and daughters go on steadily and busily plying their fingers. Visitors drop in. The daily news is discussed. The little coffee-pot on the brass mongal, always kept hot by its tiny bit of fire, is called into requisition again and again, as to each person dropping in is handed about two thimblefuls of its contents in a tiny finjan, or cup resting in its yurrf, or holder, which among the poorer classes is made of brass.

As sunset draws near one of the daughters gets up and lays her work in its place, and busies herself with the remainder of the preparations for dinner. The kebab, which have already been put on the skewers, are carefully broiled on a clear fire; or the stew is turned over to see if the meat is tender and the gravy is reduced to its proper consistency and quantity. A few drops of lemon-juice are always

added to both these dishes. With the latter is generally an accompaniment of rice cooked in clarified butter and boiling water. The evening meal passes cheerily, and is taken in the lewan, or room with one side open to the court, which is now a merry scene. Work and household cares are apparently forgotten. The meal over, the nargheely carefully prepared for father and mother, and a tiny finjan of coffee handed to each of them, preparations are made for the crowning pleasure and relaxation of the day, which is nothing else than the favorite stroll by the river-side. Close to Bab Tooma (Gate of Thomas) is the part of the river called the Soofaniyeh, and farther on, about a quarter of an hour's distance, is another part called the Hudaashariyeh. These are favorite spots. The latter is the prettiest; but the former, owing to its nearness to the city gates, is the chosen resort of those who are attended by wife and children. The gatherings of family circles in this place are innumerable and indescribable. I shall never forget the scene which presented itself on one of the occasions when I acceded to the wishes of some friends and accompanied them to the Soofaniyeh. Each family group sat together and apart from the rest, and yet they were so close together that it was impossible to count them or to see what they were sitting on—the women with their white eezars, or large cotton veils which only allowed their faces and hands to be seen; the men with their long pipes in their mouths, and their jubbabs, or long jackets, thrown carelessly on their shoulders; the sellers of roasted nuts, almonds, and melon seeds calling out their wares; the vendor of coffee, who has set up his little stall and is going about with his tiny coffee-pot and tinier finjan. There, at a little distance from the *hareem*, or families, is a group of young men who take it upon themselves to supply the music; one draws a tambour from his pocket, another a flute, another the ood, a native instrument; a fourth begins a well-known song. All listen eagerly, and give signs that if the music has been unsolicited it is not unappreciated. Between each song the finjan of coffee goes round, while the gurgling of the water between the stones and the soothing sound of the wind as it plays among the branches give the sense of pleasure, or kief, that a Syrian loves. In about an hour the first make a movement homeward; in two hours none remain, and the coffee-vendor and his associates take their flight. All, all is perfect silence,

and the river and trees are deserted, for all go early to bed, that they may get up early in the morning.

From Temple Bar.

CHARACTERISTICS OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

It seems to me that above the dim portals of that vast and magic edifice already reared by Russian intellect to Russia's eternal glory, might be aptly inscribed Dante's fateful words, "Abandon all hope, ye who enter here." For verily we are in a region of gloom, of sorrows so mysterious and profound that our soul shrinks within us, and, overcome by anguish, we feel impelled to re-echo the despairing cry which recurs so frequently in Russian writings: What is to be done? At least that is the impression made upon me by this sombre study, and I defy any one with sensitive nerves and a feeling heart to undertake with impunity a journey into this Inferno.

From the beginning of this century dates the sudden dawn and marvellous expansion of the singular literature which exerts over some minds so powerful a fascination. It requires very little insight to foresee that it is certain to exercise a still greater influence when all the significance of this manifestation of Russian thought is more generally felt and appreciated. To-day the Russians are our masters in a new school—we can sit at their feet and learn.

To many the name of Russia is associated only with crude ideas of Nihilism, of attempts to assassinate the czar, of a people half barbarous and plunged in utter ignorance, but of this Eastern giant slowly awakening to a consciousness of power, and destined perhaps to regenerate our old Europe by the divine gift of new ideas and a new religion, they know nothing. They may even peruse from curiosity some chance samples of this strange literature without seizing upon the sense of the mental and moral upheaval which either we ourselves or our children must witness. As yet, it is too early to prophesy events, we can only consider tendencies and study to some extent the men who, as depositaries of the sacred fire, have been preparing the way for mighty reforms. Amongst these I shall refer only to the great names which stand out as types, and resume in themselves the development of Russia during the last

half-century. In them we shall find concentrated and sublimed the tears and aspirations and patient yearnings of a whole people. If their joys are bitterly ignored and remain unnoted, it is because in truth they cannot be said to exist.

Forced by circumstance, the Russians have raised the novel to the exalted position which it holds with us moderns as the faithful chronicle of the history of to-day. England can scarcely be called the initiator of this new departure, although to her is often attributed the honor. The English novel is more limited in scope and mainly domestic, whereas the Russian novel is national, in the broadest sense of the word, and whosoever wishes to construct in the future the history of Russia during this eventful century will have to turn to its novels for documents. And the reason is very simple. In Russia, owing to the rigid and brutal censorship exercised over the press, there was no other channel in which could run the floods of daring and inspired thoughts that all at once swept over the country—it was the only channel not open to suspicion. Autocracies are proverbially stupid, and this one was no exception. Thus veiled, it allowed to pass unchallenged those barbed words which were to sting the conscience of a great and oppressed race deprived for centuries of its birthright, and arouse it to attention, but not to immediate action. Therein at present lies the weakness of the Slav temperament; with an immense capacity for reflection, Russians have as yet manifested but a limited power for action.

The Russian novel contains, therefore, within itself examples of poetry, history, and psychological studies such as the world has never seen equalled for minuteness, accuracy, and power. Mystical reveries, of infinite beauty and delicacy, satires so deadly true in their aim, so bitter in their hidden wrath, that the publication of one sufficed to overthrow the hideous anachronism of serfdom, an undercurrent of despair so subtle and profound that it manages to penetrate even our materialistic envelope, a probing into the mystery of existence with a persistency and intensity which are simply appalling in audacious conception; finally, the restless searching for an explanation to the cruel problem of life, the cry of the soul for a religion, for guidance, for peace. Nothing is sacred to these investigators, to these untiring searchers of the human heart, or rather all is sacred, but not beyond discussion; and these original minds, true products of a "virgin soil," have in-

vested with new meaning all the old problems of existence.

The same adverse fate which, brooding over this unfortunate country, condemned it after a long and painful travail to give forth only the echoes of the anguish which tortures it, has, in like manner, inexorably maimed and shortened the lives of its most brilliant children. In no country could such a list of fatalities be enumerated, as overtaking contemporary talent almost as soon as their names began to be known, and to be carried from mouth to mouth. To mention only some of these. Rykiefiff was hanged as a conspirator in 1825; Pouschkine, Russia's greatest poet, was killed at thirty-eight years of age, in a duel; Griboiedoff was assassinated at Teheran; Lermontoff, a well-known and most promising writer, was killed in a duel in the Caucasus at the age of thirty; Vénévitinoff died broken-hearted at twenty-two, his end hastened by the insults and outrages to which he was subjected; Koltzoff, at twenty-three, died of grief, caused him by his family; Belinsky fell a victim, at the age of thirty-five, to misery and hunger; Dostoievsky, after sentence of death, was sent, at the age of twenty-two, for a slight offence, to the mines of Siberia forever; and lastly Gogol, who committed suicide when only forty-three. If, as is said, there comes "Misfortune to those who stone their prophets," then we can understand in some measure why the misfortunes of Russia are darker and deeper than those of any other land.

Until the commencement of this century there was no such thing as a national literature in Russia—in fact, one could scarcely say that there was any national feeling. The mass of the nation was made up of voiceless slaves, whose unintelligible murmurs had never been interpreted; the upper or governing classes prided themselves on introducing customs and modes of thought borrowed from France and Germany, as little national as possible. Since even reflected light is preferable to the drear night of ignorance, the scanty education then offered at the universities to the youth of that epoch, evoked longings for something higher, and many left their country to steep themselves more fully in the metaphysics of Germany, or the humanitarian philosophy of the French Revolution. The germ was deposited; it had but to fructify and develop, not into a servile imitation of well-known models, but into that rare and powerful literary florescence which we are at present considering.

At first, doubtless, even among those possessed of undeniable genius, the influence of Western thought was clearly manifest, and in the works of Pouschkine, the first poet of any eminence, the trace of Byron is unmistakable. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that, after the deceptions due to the unfulfilled hopes engendered by the terrible years of 1789-91, a wave of reaction and despair swept over many souls of a similar bent, simultaneously, and with almost irresistible force. For instance, Goethe gave us "Werther" and "Faust," than which there are no gloomier contributions to modern pessimism; Byron drew from his lyre morbid strains that were not wholly theatrical, but represented a state of mind common to many; in France, Chateaubriand took up the same theme, and these great men had many imitators. So late as the middle of this century, the reverberation of these painful chords still continued in the work of Alfred de Musset, and in some of the early work of Georges Sand; and for a long period we fail to find the joyful note which is the prelude of a brighter day. I will not here discuss the reasons of the disappointment which seemed suddenly to overwhelm mankind. We can destroy rapidly, but we can only build up by dint of infinite pains and patience, and it is a truth we too often forget in our haste to regenerate the world.

The Russians inaugurated the modern realistic or naturalistic form of novel, around which so many storms have raged, and it is they who, backward in all else, and indebted to the West for every intellectual stimulus, have produced and fashioned this marvellous instrument of culture and progress. Yet it must be noted, never have the Russians sullied their pages with the inartistic enormities which we owe to the pen of the French father of naturalism. Nothing in either French, German, or English literature can equal this particular product of the Russian soil. The novel with us Westerns has not had the same function to fulfil, and did not need to be at once an instrument of enlightenment, comfort, counsel, and reform. Simple amusement is not even taken into consideration. As a result, an immense country has been gradually revolutionized, educated, uplifted to such an extent, and in so short a space of time that it is impossible to forecast the splendid future of a race which can give birth to such sons and daughters under such conditions. In fact, in the enthusiastic opinion of some admirers, the *intellectual*, if not *material*,

empire of the world will some day be divided between the Anglo-Saxon and the Slavonic races, two peoples as diverse in their aims and natures as it is possible to conceive. The Russian, dreamy, poetical, subtle, wonderfully receptive, and naturally devoid of prejudice, absorbing all learning with ease, possessing talents of a highly artistic order, ardent, though indolent, profoundly melancholy and religious. The Anglo-Saxon, straightforward, practical, energetic, prejudiced; not given to dreams, much more materialistic than mystical, with a passion rather for justice than for ideal goodness; a dominating, aggressive race, with talents not running in the artistic direction, taking a joyous if somewhat limited view of existence, and little tormented by conceptions of the Infinite. It is true that these two races contrast with, and complete each other, and typify in themselves some of the best attributes of humanity. A mighty harmony would arise from their collaboration in the work of progress. But even if this forecast were correct, it must not be forgotten how greatly mankind is indebted to the Latin races for the grace, harmony, and lucidity of their productions, as well as to less widely known but not less interesting peoples, for those unfamiliar but piquantly original flowers of genius which blossom among them occasionally. All that we can feel certain of, at present, is that, overburdened by the wealth of woe surrounding them, and preoccupied by the many wrongs to be redressed, the Russian poets and prophets have not said their last word. Their first is a thrilling one — it is, perhaps, best expressed by the word compassion. Noble and lovely word! "To pity" means "to help," and who knows where that new solidarity gradually growing up between nations as between members of groups may not conduct us! Even in Russia faint gleams of the Aurora which at length is to overspread her, may be discerned, and slight warnings of that terrible tempest which, before clearing the air, will cause thrones to shake, and scatter the sanctioned abuses of centuries far and wide. Russians will not, in that day, not far distant, forget their prophets and martyrs, their heroes and saints. They will not forget those who opened up glorious paths of difficulty and danger, who caught and fixed all the scattered gleams of light into one glowing focus, and stamped with the unmistakable mark of genius, the nationality and aspirations of a great people. Among the lesser lights, the illustrious names of Gogol, Pouschkine, Dos-

tolevsky, Tourgenief, Tolstoï — types of all the best and most characteristic of their peculiar qualities — will then receive the homage which is their due.

To Gogol belongs the honor of having the first gathered together and enshrined as only genius can, the most beautiful of the innumerable legends, tales, and folklore in which Russia abounds. He it was who first translated the vague complaint of the crushed millions, their pathetic poetry, their measureless patience, their dim longings. The whole extent of their wrongs he perceived better than they themselves could, and by such works as the "Revisor," a marvel of masterly sarcasm and irony, and "Dead Souls," he succeeded in overturning a system. Many abuses are still left, but some at least are dead or slowly dying. It is impossible for me, however tempted, in a short sketch like this, to enter into the method of treatment employed by the author in these two famous works. I must refer the student to the original. But, as evidence of his wonderful precision of detail, power of delineation, and ironical sallies, it suffices only to observe that in Russia scores and scores of passages have become proverbial — as, for instance, the reproof administered by a corrupt official to an underling, "you rob too much for your grade," which excites roars of significant laughter in Russia, where the allusion — owing to the widespread red-tapeism and corruption — is full of savor. Here, of course, where jobbery, bribes, and misappropriation of public money are unknown, such a taunt would be pointless. When Gogol read his manuscript of the "Revisor" to Pouschkine this latter remarked — so great was the sense of desolation which overcame him — "God! what a sad country our Russia is!" That was fifty years ago — it is still a sad country, as witness one of the last productions of Tolstoï's, "What is to be done?" One arises from its perusal no longer English or Russian, but a human being only, profoundly troubled, conscience-stricken, asking, "Is it possible such misery exists?" When we thought we knew the depths we find there are still greater depths. Yes, what is to be done? Who will answer, who will shed a ray of light on this gloomy picture? To Tolstoï there is but one answer — sympathy, help, but *intelligent* sympathy, *intelligent* help. I am sure any one who takes up this chapter of the Gospel of Despair and reads it, text by text, as I read it with the wind moaning among the firs on the mountain-tops and

the rain flooding the mountain streams, amid the intense melancholy of nature's most melancholy moods in the dark brooding of the silent night, will receive the same impression as I did, will absorb all the bitterness and yearning of Tolstoï's soul and will relinquish that little volume no longer astonished that he should exclaim, "What is to be done?" For the moment one feels inclined to welcome rather a thousand revolutions with blood running in streams and a thousand crimes of reprisal against oppressors sinning doubtless unknowingly in their crass obtuseness, than a continuance of such unmerited poverty and suffering. This is the attitude of mind which conducts us to what is vulgarly called active Nihilism, that is to say, to the stake or to Siberia. Tolstoï himself it has led to a voluntary renunciation of riches, but is his answer to the enigma the whole answer? In "What is to be done?" the author starts with bags of money to relieve the wretchedness with which he is being continually haunted in Moscow. It is not difficult to guess the result — deception — the misery not touched, nay, it is even intensified by his gifts. Then comes the harrowing picture he knows so well how to draw — no mere artistic touches these, but true, profound, human, eternal. It is our brothers and sisters we see there before us, our own flesh and blood, palpitating, quivering, and, most pitiful of all, uncomplaining. Unknown heroisms, unwept, obscure martyrdoms. What wonder if Russian ears catch only the burden of heavy days! How can it be otherwise? Whether Tolstoï has or has not discovered the true remedy for this terrible state of things is open to conjecture. Enough that he is satisfied, that his soul has found peace through universal charity and brotherhood in Christ. He has borne his part nobly, and has sown seed which will bear fruit.

I have passed, not without reason, from Gogol to Tolstoï, to instance the similarity of spirit but dissimilarity of method which unite these two natures so opposite in other respects. Both are distinguished by an intense love of country and a keen appreciation of the causes which undermine and impair that country's greatness. I will here refrain from quoting those thrilling descriptions of Gogol illustrative of the limitless, vast plains of Russia, and of their beauty, so real, so perceptible to the Muscovite soul. Amongst so many gems, each one more wonderful than the other, how to choose? "Night in Ukraine," "Invocation to the Steppes,"

"To Russia," and many more! Love of country has perhaps beyond and above all else excited men's best endeavors and called forth its highest achievements. There is one theme only which lifts us higher, and that is the love of *humanity*, comprising, as it does, the spiritual and material, a conception of which is impossible without intense devotion to man and to what some of us call God, others, high ideals.

No two masters can be more opposite in their styles and manner of proceeding than Tourgenief and Dostoïevsky, whose names have been made familiar to all of us by means of French and English translations, more or less true to the original. And yet common to both is the same ardent desire to regenerate Russia and the same hopeless and helpless undercurrent of negation (of the utter vanity and nothingness of everything) which distinguishes all this group of writers. Nothing can be more suave, more poetical, more perfect than Tourgenief's descriptions of scenery. We have here neither the rugged strength of Tolstoï nor the brilliant and bitter sarcasms of Gogol, nor the tormented if inspired ravings of Dostoïevsky. Tourgenief has caught something of the Western spirit of harmony and proportion. His work is, as we say, more artistic. None the less is there a deep purpose underlying it. He was the first to foresee, to define and describe Russia's modern malady, Nihilism or Anarchism. In order to understand fully the entire significance of these terms, we should recall the origin (as far as it can be traced back) of the Muscovite race, and reflect upon the result of the conversion to Christianity of a people naturally inclined by their Asiatic temperament to the more contemplative attitude of Buddhism and accepting not unwillingly here and hereafter a state of renunciation and annihilation. It is difficult to explain clearly in few words this fatalistic bent of the Russian mind. Upon it has become grafted the religion of sacrifice and suffering, intermingled with the negations of to-day, the pessimism of Schopenhauer and his school, and the multiplicity of new ideas of which the seeds sown in the French Revolution have developed and expanded through the light of science during this wonderful nineteenth century into all those doctrines of progress with which we are so familiar, and from which some of us expect to be ushered in the reign of true happiness and peace. But it seems as if there will always be certain natures

who, endowed with vivid imagination and highly wrought sympathies, will continue to suffer from the contemplation of nature's seeming eternal immorality, even when their own lot or the general lot of their country is ameliorated. They will continue to ask, why all this senseless suffering in the past, why these longings for unattainable perfection? They will probe and search — we shall always have such amongst us — and the result will forever be the same, pain and confusion and the last cry of bewildered humanity seeking guidance and comfort in hours of anguish, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Let those who think that material gratifications alone will satisfy the passionate eager soul of man keep their faith. It suits them, but those who hunger for the ideal and the difficult of attainment will, as heretofore, be torn and wounded in life's struggle, will bear their cross and wear their crown of thorns until they sleep in death, and then, as Hamlet says, "the rest is silence."

To return to Tourgenief. He paints with rare skill the interesting physiognomies of his countrywomen. Gogol was perfectly incapable of portraying a woman. His women are mere shadows, none have the breath of life. But with what characters has not Tourgenief presented us! Indeed all critics concur in finding Tourgenief's heroines far superior to his male creations. They possess the courage, the determination, the fire, the practical ability wanting in these latter. They initiate and carry out the boldest designs without faltering, without repenting, without repining. And we should remember that these are not the mere creations of a poet's fancy — they are real, living portraits. These women, or others like them, lived, suffered, braved everything for the cause they held sacred. The names of the martyrs of "the coming Russia" are household words; we are proud to claim them as of our sex, to class them with the Madame Rolands, the Charlotte Cordays, and all those generous, noble spirits who have helped to keep alight the ardent flame which serves to feed ever and anon our cooling enthusiasm for humanity.

Every question is discussed in all its aspects by these so-called Nihilists. Nothing is considered too sacred. Old prejudices are swept aside as cobwebs. We have only, over here, advanced timidly to the point of inquiring whether marriage, as an institution, may not be a failure. These audacious iconoclasts demand boldly (in Tourgenief's "Fathers and

Sons") whether "Marriage is a folly or a crime?" Now, whether we like them or not, such mental shocks are beneficial, and dispose us to ask whether — although, of course, the English are the most moral and advanced people in the world — we may not have something to learn even of our savage neighbors, the Russians. And I warn those who may feel tempted, from curiosity, and for no deeper motive, to study this people and their literature, that unless they really desire to understand and to learn and to admire candidly, they will be continually out of harmony with their novel mode of thinking and of dealing with the eternal problems of existence. Dostoevsky introduces us to yet another world, where all our preconceived notions of right and wrong become confused and disorganized, and where all social conventions are set at naught. The most prominent figures in "Crime and Punishment" are a murderer and a prostitute; in the "Idiot," all the interest of the story centres round an epileptic, and always the poor and the humble and the diseased and the simple and the criminal are exalted, pitied, and uncondemned. And do not think for a moment that the murderer is not an ordinary murderer, or the prostitute any exception to her class. By no means. But by the simple and sublime power of genius, the workings of these minds are laid bare before us, and, comprehending at last these abnormalities, we do for a moment what is not done in real life, we forgive. We are led to see how any one of us, if unprepared by previous training, if placed in certain circumstances may be led to commit certain actions which we term immoral, just as we think every day certain thoughts which are immoral, but which, by force of will, habit, or fear, do not develop into actions. Whoever denies this neither understands human nature nor the laws which govern it. There is no abrupt line of demarcation between health and disease, between physiology and pathology, between right and wrong. Indeed, is it not certain that what is right in one instance may be wrong in another? This is the vast field of analysis of motive and action lying before the modern romancer. There is a physiognomy of the mind as of the countenance. When Raskolnikoff, the murderer, throws himself at the feet of the unfortunate who feeds her parents with the price paid for her degradation, she who has led Raskolnikoff to expiation and rehabilitation, he cries out when she wishes to raise him: "It is not before thee that I prostrate

myself, but before all the suffering of humanity;" and these beautiful and touching words are the keynote to the whole of Dostoevsky's teachings; Dostoevsky, whose nerves had been shattered during those terrible moments when a youth of twenty-two, with breast bared and eyes bound, he stood awaiting the fatal bullet which was to end his existence. The death-sentence was remitted at the last moment, and long years of exile in Siberia replaced it. The fruit of those years' experience we have in these strange volumes. Be not astonished, therefore, at being introduced into an atmosphere of madness, incoherence, folly, and crime. Dostoevsky never once complains of losing what the Russians affectionately denominate their "dear little liberty;" no, he accepts without murmuring his initiation into others' miseries which he strives to cure or to mitigate by boundless comprehension and compassion.

As for his opinions, here is a quotation which must serve as a sample of the rest.

Socialism is the progeny of Romanism and of the Romanistic spirit and essence. But it and its brother Atheism proceed from Despair, from the inconsistency of Catholicism with moral sense, in order that it might replace in itself the best moral power of religion, in order to appease the spiritual thirst of parched humanity and save it, not by Christ, but by force. "Do not dare to believe in God, do not dare to possess any individuality, any personality," "fraternity or death," two million heads, you shall know them by their works we are told. And we must not suppose that all this is harmless and safe for ourselves. Oh, no, we must resist, we must fortify, and quickly, quickly. We must let *our* Christ shine forth upon the buttresses of the Western nations, our Christ whom *we* have preserved intact, and whom *they* have not so much as known. Not as slaves, allowing ourselves to be caught by the hooks of Jesuit anglers, but by carrying our religion to *them*. We must stand before them at the head of the Christian army.

And again:—

We Russians no sooner arrive at the brink of the water and realize that we are really at the brink, than we are so delighted with the outlook that in we plunge and swim to the furthest point we can perceive. Why is this? This Russian eccentricity of ours not only astonishes ourselves; all Europe wonders at our conduct on such occasions; for if one of us goes over to Roman Catholicism, he is sure to become a Jesuit at once, and a rabid one into the bargain; if one of us becomes an Atheist, he must needs begin to insist on the prohibition of faith in God by force, that is, by the sword. Why is this — why does he

then exceed all bounds at once? Do you not know? It is because he has found land at last—land that he sought in vain before—and because his soul is rejoiced to find it. He has found land, and he throws himself upon it and kisses it. Oh, it is not from vanity alone, it is not from wretched feelings of vanity that Russians become Atheists and Jesuits; but from spiritual thirst, from anguish of longing after higher things, after dry, firm land, and anguish for the loss of foothold on their own *terra firma*, which they never believed in because they never knew it.

It is so easy for a Russian to become an Atheist, far more so than for any other nationality in the world. And not only does a Russian "become an Atheist," but he actually *believes in Atheism*, just as though he had found a new faith, not perceiving that he has pinned his faith to *nil*. Such is our anguish of thirst. Whoso has no country has no God.

But let these thirsty Russian souls find, like Columbus' discoverers, a new world; let them find the Russian world, let them search and discover all the gold and treasure that lies hidden in the bosom of their own land. Show them the restitution of lost humanity, in the future, by *Russian* thought alone, and by means of the God and of the Christ of our *Russian* faith, and you will see how mighty, and just, and wise, and good a giant will rise up before the eyes of the astonished and frightened world; astonished because they expect nothing but the sword-force from us, if anything, because they think they will get nothing out of us without a spice of barbarism. This has been the case up till now, and the longer matters go on as they are now proceeding, the more clear will be the truth of what I say.

These sentences exhibit better than any words of mine the exaltation of sentiment and expression habitual to Dostoevsky, and apparently peculiar to the Slav temperament.

Tolstoi has given us his confession in the various works published by him from time to time. His "Peace and War" is a chapter from history palpitating with interest and actuality. The personality of Tolstoi, his thoughts, struggles, aims, can be traced throughout his writings, all and every one. "The Cossacks" is a wonderful study of the civilized man brought suddenly face to face with a more primitive but not ignoble race. In "Anna Karenina" we have Tolstoi's own particular views on marriage and divorce set forth. Marriage he regards as indissoluble, a sacrament. Anna Karenina, a noble and gentle nature, unable to support the burden of a false position, courts death as a release. Unfortunately, much of the asceticism of Tolstoi's teaching loses its value when we remember that he passed

through the fiery period of youth, not without sundry scars and scorplings, and that, although we listen with reverence to the words of wisdom spoken by a master-mind, we are not obliged to believe that he is in absolute possession of the whole truth. Enough that he has taught us much, and raised and helped to purify us.

To turn to two of the shining lights of the present moment, we shall be well repaid by a perusal of the works of Stepniak and Krapotkin. We shall then be able still more thoroughly to enter into those questions which are agitating Russia, and which more or less occupy—although less feverishly—much of the attention of other European nations.

Stepniak explains the working of the Russian "Mir" and dilates on the agricultural question. He has given us the pathetic sketches in "Underground Russia" with which we are all familiar. We shall also see that although the name of "Nihilism" was invented by Tourgenief, the party that *he* called Nihilist has nothing in common with the party which astonished Europe by its terrific deeds from 1878 to 1881.

Nihilism, as represented by Bazardoff in "Fathers and Sons," is roughly the negation of all supernaturalism, of all duty, religion, or obligation, the absolute triumph of individual will. This positivist fanaticism exploded in Russia immediately after the enfranchisement of the serfs. It was a great literary and philosophical movement, which made neither victims nor martyrs, but it destroyed the remnant of religious spirit in the upper classes of society, and contributed to the emancipation of women in that country. Towards 1871, the Socialistic movement began to spread. As the government of the czar hesitated to pursue liberal reforms, Bakomime and Lawroff preached in favor of a revolution. The spectacle of the French Commune dazzled and excited all these revolutionaries. The most fervent members of the International were the young Russian exiles studying medicine at Zurich. These minds, destitute of faith, as we have already pointed out, were all the more ready to accept a new religion, whether of destruction or re-construction. But the people remained deaf and the government pitiless. Then we have the story of the memorable days of 1878, no arrests or punishments ever discouraging the ardent little band. In Stepniak's work we find the lives of the saints of Nihilism written with the devoted enthusiasm of a believer, or, should we say, of a fanatic?

And, in spite of ourselves, in poring over these miracles of energy, patience, and devotion, we forget the horrors of the crimes committed, in admiration of the heroism of the criminals. In order to judge of the moral strength of these Russian terrorists we need to be reminded that they had no hope of a future life, nor any desire of public recognition.

And now, a word on the Anarchism of Prince Krapotkin. Krapotkin believes that the awakening of the people is near, that a great revolution will soon renew the face of the earth, that everywhere States are trembling to their foundations, old governments breaking up, the age of capital nearly past, and that the result of this social cataclysm will surely be a community of goods and land, with no privileged classes. Liberties are no longer to be *given* with a grudging hand by governments, but *taken* by the people—that is to say, no government, no State, Anarchy pure and simple, and the reign of individual freedom, meaning in Prince Krapotkin's mind, we presume, the reign of love upon earth, and peace and good-will to all men—the millennium.

Here we probably look upon him as a mystical if not dangerous dreamer, but some of the ideals he aims at are such as we are all fighting for—such of us at least who fight at all.

What is to be the future of Russia? Who shall solve that enigma? Strain our ears as we may, we can only catch faint sounds of the inevitable struggle. Russia is quietly preparing new forces, slowly undermining the work of ages, and the sudden crash of despotic institutions may ere long startle us into the knowledge that the regeneration of a mighty empire has commenced.

I cannot conclude more fitly this inadequate sketch than by rendering Gogol's apostrophe to Russia, written when he was in Italy:—

Russia! Russia! from the beautiful country I inhabit I see thee, I see thee distinctly, oh my country! Nature has not been prodigal to thee. Thou hast nothing either to charm or to startle the eye. No, nothing in thee, Russia, either splendid or marvellous. All is open, desert, flat. The little towns are scarcely perceptible. Nothing to seduce or to flatter the eyesight. What secret, mysterious force draws me then to thee? Why does thy sad, monotonous, troubled song—carried through all thy length and breadth, from one sea to another—sound forever in my ears? What is this song? Whence come those accents and those sobs re-echoing in my heart? What are those painful chords which pene-

trate my soul and awake remembrances? Russia, what wilt thou of me? What is this obscure, mysterious tie which binds us together? Why dost thou look at me thus? My lips are sealed in presence of thy immensity. From thy infinite vastness what is to be prophesied? Thou art the mother country of thoughts, the greatness of which cannot be measured. Thy unmeasured extent is powerfully reflected in my soul, and an unknown force penetrates into the depths of my being. What a dazzling future, what a grand, splendid mirage unknown to Earth, O Russia!

J. M.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

ACROSS THE CORDILLERA, FROM CHILI
TO BUENOS AYRES.

ON a clear, bright day in the month of December, 1888, I left Santiago, in Chili, *en route* across the Cordillera to the Argentine Republic. I reached Los Andes, the terminus of the railway below the mountains, early in the afternoon, and was met by appointment by an Italian storekeeper, to whom I had been recommended, who at once sent for the muleteer, with whom I was to bargain for the price of the passage over. As it was very early in the season, the snow being still lying on the route, and as reports of the dangerous condition of the road had been circulating for some time, I decided on taking two guides and spare mules, and came to terms with an old muleteer and his son for a sum of about ten pounds sterling, for which they bound themselves to provide the necessary animals and saddling. When mustered, our caravan consisted of myself, Zacharias, the muleteer, and his son, all mounted; a bell-mare, a pack-mule for the baggage, and four extra animals in case of accident.

It was the first trip Zacharias had undertaken that season. From May to November (the winter months of South America) no crossing can be attempted, as the deep snow completely blocks the way, and during that period the muleteers employ their animals in carrying firewood, etc., and make a very poor living, so that before the more lucrative season commences they have generally been forced to resort to the pawnshop for the means of living; and thus it came to pass that I found Zacharias had all his saddles in pawn, and was obliged to advance him the passage-money that he might redeem them and also provide himself and son with victuals for the trip.

The river Aconcagua, which runs past Los Andes, and which we were to follow up to its source on our way over the mountains, had swollen to a formidable rushing stream, owing to the melting of the snow which feeds it, and had partly destroyed the bridge. The mules, therefore, were not able to come across to me, and I had to follow my guides, who took my luggage on their shoulders across a plank which replaced the broken bridge, to their house on the other side, where the animals were waiting. Zacharias had made good use of the money received. He had paid off several old debts, presented his wife and dirty little children with several odds and ends he had picked up in town, and now, after taking a hurried meal with his family, he was ready to start. We accordingly set off at about 4 P.M.

The bell-mare was a little weedy, black animal, with a bell suspended round its neck. It is called in Spanish the *madrina* (godmother) of the mules, who follow it through thick and thin, so that it is only necessary to lead this mare, or tie her up, as the case may be, and then there is no fear that any of the mules will refuse to go on or stray when camping.

My luggage consisted of a leather portmanteau, a travelling-bag, a hamper of provisions, and a roll of wraps; all packed on one mule. The men carried their own provisions and extra clothing behind them, while I took the precaution of having a couple of saddle-bags strapped to my saddle, in case my pack-mule should get lost or perish in one of the rivers. My dress was a flannel suit, a comfortable *poncho*—equally adapted for cold or heat, sun or rain—long shooting-gaiters, a large Panama hat, blue spectacles to ward off the glare of the snow, large Chilean spurs, a revolver, and a large knife or dagger for all manner of use.

The entrance to the mountain pass, a narrow valley through which the river dashes, is quite close to the town of Los Andes. The roar of the muddy, coffee-colored water, together with the thunder produced by the continual crashing together of the big round stones it hurls along its bed, were enough to prevent all connected conversation. At first, for several miles, the road is skirted by small farms, the dwelling-houses of which are set close to the path, and my guide annoyed me considerably by stopping to talk to every one he saw, keeping me waiting, and then generally coming up with some piece of bad news about the pass. As we

were just leaving the last farm, a woman told us that that very morning a black portmanteau had come floating down the river, and she feared its owner had met with a serious accident.

A little later we overtook the postboy on his way back over the mountains, after arriving only that morning at Los Andes from the Argentine Republic. On his way he had found the mountain streams next to impassable, and his journey from Mendoza to Los Andes had taken seven days instead of the usual five. He rode a mule, and led another carrying the mails. We resolved to go on with him, as he had just crossed and could give us the latest tips as to the best way over the dangerous places.

After riding in the hot sun for more than two hours along the river, we came to a small roadside inn with the promising sign-board, "Hotel Bismarck; proprietor, Herr von Knessebeck." That nobleman was not at home, but his wife gave us some beer, and told us that she had heard of two Germans or Englishmen being drowned while attempting to cross the river the day before. She also gave us a clue to the floating portmanteau; for a mule, bearing two, had made a rush into the river close to her house, and had been speedily capsized and carried off by the current, all efforts to save it being in vain.

Such discouraging reports made us a little nervous, but I was determined not to delay my journey, and I hurried on my little caravan, for it was growing dark, and we were to put up for the night at a small inn near the Chilean custom-house, a few miles higher up the valley. We duly reached the place, unloaded our animals, and sent them into a small field. I was provided with a room, and a bed which looked anything but inviting. I disinfected it and changed the dirty blankets for my own rugs. My men slept in the verandah. The night was very warm, and, after cooking myself a little dinner on my spirit lamp, I turned in, but could not sleep, for, in spite of leaving the two doors open—windows there were none—the air was stifling.

At break of day we were all in motion; the mules were caught and packed; I made a cup of cocoa, and at 5 A.M. we were again under way. But shortly afterwards we were delayed at the custom-house till one of the officials could be induced to come out to receive a small sum for bridge-money, for at that point we had to cross the river.

We passed through a lovely valley

bounded by bold high mountains on either side, with a rushing stream brawling below. We climbed up and up; sometimes on a good broad path, but more often creeping up the hillside on a rough sheep-path full of loose stones. The vegetation was very luxuriant; flowers that would have graced any highly cultivated garden bloomed on all sides. Towards 10 A.M. we reached a place where the mountains closed in, leaving only a chasm about thirty feet wide for the river to pass through, and we were obliged to creep along high above it. This chasm goes by the name of the Soldier's Leap, and the legend runs that during the War of Independence a soldier, being pursued, leaped across the river at that spot — a feat which seems highly improbable.

Each turn of the valley brought to view a lovely scene — a new picture; the surrounding mountains, bare and rocky near their summits, clothed with grass and shrubs lower down, presenting the greatest variety of fantastic forms.

Towards noon I called a halt, and we cooked our breakfast near a clear mountain brook. On the opposite side of the river the engineers of the new Trans-Andean Railway, which is to cross the Cordillera at this point and join the Atlantic with the Pacific, had erected a camp of tents, and were occupied in taking measurements. The postboy had dropped behind, and we left him to his fate, not wishing to lose time by waiting for him.

We continued our route along the river, and presently the surrounding mountains became tipped with snow, each ravine adding its little stream to feed the river. Towards afternoon we reached the Old Guard-House, where many travellers halt for the night; but, as it is wise to get as near as possible to the summit of the Cordillera, so as to cross it early in the morning, before the sunshine softens the snow, or the wind begins to blow, we pushed steadily forward. The vegetation now became more scanty; the streams, increased in volume, issuing from glaciers on either side of the valley, and we saw some beautiful waterfalls several hundred feet high. At about 3 P.M. we reached the first snow-field, from under which ran a stream of muddy water. The path grew more and more rugged and stony, greatly fatiguing our animals. At a turn in the path we fell in with two rather ragged young men, who told us they were crossing the Cordillera on foot, but could not pass the next stream, it being both broad and rapid. One of them was an Italian sailor, the

other a Chilian; so, as we had so many spare animals, we offered them a lift across the stream, at which we presently arrived. It was our first serious obstacle — a broad glacier-stream rushing over big boulders. At first sight it seemed impassable; but Ismael ventured in, and with some difficulty got his mule across. Then Zacharias insisted on putting a lasso round my waist and another round my mule's neck, so as to pull us out should my animal be carried away. The lasso attached to the mule was pulled by Ismael at the opposite side of the stream, whilst his father kept hold of the one round my waist, and I was soon safely across. The same operation was gone through with the pack-mule, the guide, and our friends the two tramps, who lent a helping hand. Very soon another stream made its appearance, but we crossed it without assistance. Then we came to the largest and most rapid glacier-stream we had yet met with. Across it was a kind of bridge, consisting of two poles laid side by side. We fastened a lasso to a tree, making it serve as a railing, and crossed on foot over the wild torrent. The men carried the saddles and baggage over, and when all were safely landed, the mules were fastened one by one to a long lasso, and, entering the stream, managed to maintain their footing by our keeping a steady pull on the rope from the other side. Two were nearly drifted away, and it needed our combined strength to get them through. Shortly before we had reached it, when the melting snow had not yet increased the bulk of this stream, a young man had fallen in; but luckily he had a rope round him and was saved, though his mule was carried away and drowned. Our mules were re-saddled, and all hands received a good stiff glass of brandy in reward for their exertions and to keep out the cold, for the wind was now blowing keenly. We then proceeded and presently arrived at the last turn of the valley, and beheld the entrance to the highest pass in the Cordillera and the glacier from which spouted forth the principal river, which we had been following up all day. On its opposite side we perceived a flat-roofed hut and an enclosure for the animals well grown with grass. Here we were to spend the night.

We safely crossed the river, which, so near its birth, is not very broad, and turned our animals loose. I then engaged a room and cooked my dinner. Near by were encamped some people who had crossed from the Argentine side; among

them a poor woman, half dead with fatigue and fright, having endured great hardships in crossing the summit. Later on a caravan of about ten passengers arrived, including a Spanish lady and a sickly boy, to whom I yielded my room, the only one I had, for they needed rest and shelter far more than I did. It was bitterly cold, and I took possession of a wooden bench with nothing but a roof of branches overhead. The men encamped around log-fires, but the smoke was so hurtful to my eyes that I could not avail myself of the warmth; still I managed to get a few snatches of sleep. At midnight the moon rose just over the peak of the mountain, and at 1 A.M. I left my hard couch and called my men to prepare for starting. All was ready by 2.30. I drank a cup of *yerba-maté*, a kind of tea, which one sucks through a metal tube quite hot, and which has a very invigorating effect on the nerves. Then we began our march in the bright moonlight, obscured now and then by a dark cloud, which obliged us to stop for some moments, the path being difficult to find. It led upwards among sharp loose stones. Our two tramps started with us, and I allowed one of them to hang on to the tail of my mule, which was some help to him in scaling the steep mountain sides.

By the time we reached the level of the snow-fields daylight appeared, which was lucky, for the path was scarcely marked, very little traffic having yet taken place; and in many parts it had been entirely effaced by land-slips or snow-drifts. We had now got well on to the snow, which was often six or eight feet deep, but so hard that the hoofs of our mules scarcely left any impression. We overtook two companies of travellers going one way, and as they also had extra mules we formed quite a large caravan. The mountains closed in, forming a series of regular gulleys, through which we journeyed, constantly expecting that the next would be the last; but it took four hours to cross all these fields of snow. At last we came to the foot of a steep mountain rising about two thousand feet above the already elevated point we had attained, nearly entirely covered with wide and deep snow-drifts. This was the last barrier on the Chilean side, the very summit of the Cordillera of the Andes.

The morning was cool but still; and the deep blue sky overhead, the wild and sterile mountains covered with snow, formed such a perfectly grand and lovely scene, that even my Chilean companions,

who had often crossed, and, as a rule, are little susceptible to the beauties of nature, were roused to admiration. As we now began to ascend the mountains, our mules and horses had hard work to wind their zigzag way over the steep drifts of snow, and I often wondered they did not lose their footing and precipitate rider and baggage into the depths beneath. We had arrived about half-way up, when we found it too steep on that side to proceed, and were obliged to cross a ridge to the brow of the opposite mountain. The ravine between the two mountain spurs was one sheet of dazzling white, and we dismounted to enable the mules to cross, for their hoofs were hardly able to get firm hold, and any false step would have sent them and us into the valley far below. On seeing my two Chileans in front of me crawling on hands and knees along the side of the ravine, their mules reluctant to move on, and after slipping with one foot, I felt very nervous, and took good care to place myself higher up the slope than my mule, holding his rein loosely, and getting firm hold of the snow with my large Chilean spurs, for my boots could not grip it. I had one hand on my large hunting-knife, ready to thrust it into the snow as a support in case of need, and I almost required to do so, for at that height, twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, the least exertion makes the lungs work fearfully, so that I felt short of breath, and after a very few strides panted for want of air. The men ahead of me now reached the desired spot, and I soon followed. Then the rest of the party came up, and we were now in comparative safety, for, though the ascent was still precipitous, the snow was in this part ploughed up by the wind, and our animals could get a firm grip of it.

Half an hour more of uphill climbing brought us to the summit, and beneath us lay the valley leading to the Argentine Republic—filled with a glacier from which rushed forth a muddy river, the Mendoza, along which lay our route to the town of the same name, when our mountain journey would end and we should once more find a railway.

Here, on the top of the Cordillera, we met with a drove of Argentine cattle, the first that had ventured over this season. The drovers have hard work, and many a good ox leaves his bones on the road; proof of which we found in some skeletons we came across, picked clean by the condors which frequent the mountain-tops. We perceived several of these large birds

hovering overhead, their immense wings extended and motionless, drifting on that rarefied air as if they were suspended from the stars.

We had soon a striking example of the dangers of the cattle-driving trade. An animal near us loosened a big round stone, which went bounding down the steep mountain-side, right among the drove which was winding its way up. The missile singled out a big black ox as its victim, and, with a fearful crash, caught him full in the ribs and hurled him downwards, racing in front of him, till both stone and ox lay immovable at the bottom, scarcely discernible by us above. In spite of the evident danger of a similar occurrence, we could not wait till the whole herd of about seven hundred animals had reached the summit, so, dismounting, we went on our way, finding good footing in the loose volcanic earth and stones; and in thirty minutes we had reached the valley. Half-way down we passed some broken trunks, which, with the mule that carried them, had fallen and rolled over some two hundred feet till stopped by a protruding rock. The mule had been badly hurt.

The sun had just scaled the mountains when we halted in the valley for rest and breakfast. A roaring fire was soon going and the kettle and pot simmering merrily. But with the sun a cold wind had sprung up, which caused us to hasten our proceedings. The tramps whom we had left behind whilst crossing the summit, and for whose safety I felt much concerned, turned up, to my great relief, in time to share our breakfast. They had suffered horribly at the summit, for their rapid climbing had brought on the *puna* (shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart, and bleeding), and one of them had lain insensible for several minutes. Still they had found a better road than we, and had not been obliged to cross the place which I still remember with a shudder.

We followed the course of the river, along the broad and stony valley, gaining successive most picturesque views of distant mountains and rocky gorges, very different in character from the Chilian side of the Cordillera. Here all was dead and stony; no trace of vegetation, even at a lower level than where, on the Chili side, the scene had been beautified by pretty shrubs and numerous flowers.

As the path was now plain, I hurried on before my guides, anxious to get away from the piercing wind and blinding dust. At 2 P.M. I came to a place where, on the opposite side of the impetuous river, which

rushed between high banks of sandstone, there appeared a small stone house, and near it the Puento del Inca, a natural bridge of rock. It completely crosses the river, and close above it hot mineral springs bubble out of the ground and flow beneath it, depositing strong sulphurous and iron solutions, so that the cliff is painted with all the colors of the rainbow—a beautiful spectacle. I had heard much of these springs and was anxious to get to them, but, to my disgust, found that a branch of the river intervened. Following a path to the bank of this branch, I found that the usual bridge had been carried away, and in its place a couple of two-inch gas-pipes had been laid about a foot apart, and on these, over the boiling and gushing waters, I had to creep across. I hope I may never again be obliged to use such a primitive bridge, where sudden death in the shape of a cataract beneath awaited a slip or the accidental breaking of the pipes. When I got safely across, some men were waiting to levy their toll for the use of this excellent piece of engineering, and one had the impudence to demand ten dollars to go across and fetch my mule and things by way of a ford higher up. I was not much pleased with my first reception by the natives of the Grand Republic, and told them so pretty plainly, relying on the intimidating powers of my six-shooter should it come to a quarrel. The small house, or rather stone hut of five rooms, was both an hotel and a shop, the first I saw stocked with goods from Buenos Ayres. I refreshed myself and then inspected the natural springs, whose reputation for healing various diseases brings every year many persons willing to undertake the long journey to bathe in the waters and breathe the pure mountain air. A Belgian engineer, on his way from Chili to Europe, was just leaving the inn, and, as my men and baggage had overtaken me, I joined him, preferring to pass the night lower down, and so shorten the next day's march. Besides, my men had had a quarrel with the innkeeper about some clover, and had nearly come to blows, so it was more prudent not to stay under the roof of this man, who is known for his brutal and overbearing ways towards strangers, especially if they come from Chili, which country the Argentines cordially detest. Very soon we crossed a rushing stream on a bridge of ice forming a complete arch, and strong enough to support a regiment of cavalry. We crossed the glacier from which this stream issues, and saw traces of several avalanches which had

swept down from the heights, carrying with them tons of rock and earth, over which we had to climb. Vegetation of a different kind from that in Chili began to crop up, but the mountains around were all along massive accumulations of fantastic rocks of bright colors, showing the entire geological formation of the Cordillera.

At 5 P.M. we came to the next inn, surrounded by extensive corn-fields, and I was glad to rest my weary limbs after a ride and march of fifteen hours. The innkeeper was an unmannerly Argentine *gaucho*, who, taking me for a Chilean, treated me with much contempt until I convinced him that I was not one of his born enemies. I managed to get a bed put into one of his wretched rooms, and found my companions to be the Belgian engineer, Mr. L., and an American railroad contractor whom I had met in Chili eight years ago. Mr. L. kindly invited us to share the soup and fowls he had ordered, for which we were very grateful, and we decided to pursue our journey next day in company. The American, a man of immense strength, measuring six feet five inches in his stockings, and accompanied by an enormous mastiff, proved to be a most agreeable travelling companion, while Mr. L., a perfect gentleman of high breeding, gave us some interesting accounts of his life in Chili while trying to arrange a contract with the government for some eight or ten miles of railway. He had been unsuccessful, an enterprising American company having underbid him by nearly one million pounds sterling. The contract had been signed a few days previous to our meeting, for the lump sum of three and three-quarter million pounds.

After a fair rest in rather tumble-down beds, we started down the valley at 3 A.M. A young Argentine, who had arrived from Mendoza the evening before, had found portions of the road washed away, and had lost three horses over the cliff, only managing to save the animal he rode, as he drove the others before him. However, we found the road better and broader, on the whole, than any we had yet met with; but the river, much swollen, had washed the road away wherever it approached the bank, so that we often had to climb the cliffs, and at one place the path along the precipice was so narrow that the pack-mules could not pass, and had to be unloaded, the men carrying the baggage over piecemeal on their backs. But soon all danger was past; the road broadened and the descent became easier. It was very hot, and water was scarce, for the river-water was too muddy for drinking.

The scenery by no means lovely, yet majestic; the snow-crowned mountains we had crossed the previous day rising behind us. The burning sun seemed to have extinguished all vegetable and animal life. This valley, so full of landslips, with its frequently flooded river and treacherous avalanches, seemed the worst place for the projected railway; and my companions had their doubts whether the contractors would be able to carry through their enormous work. Towards evening we came to a rather respectable house enclosed with trees, and had to ford the river to reach it. Some gipsies had pitched their camp close by, and we had no sooner dismounted than we were surrounded by these picturesque people, and the usual begging and fortune-telling commenced. We could not help admiring the beauty of two or three of the women and girls, who would have rejoiced the hearts of many a painter, and who, with their dazzling white teeth, sunny eyes, elastic gait, and jet-black hair, interlaced with many coins, reminded me of the numerous pictures of which their kindred have been the inspiration. These people, so fond of travel, are not kept back by the greatest obstacles, and I have met with a troop in Chili, which had somehow brought its carts, horses, babies, and dogs across the Andes.

Our luggage was examined in the Argentine custom-house close by, after which we ate a wretched meal and retired to rest. Next morning, on the proposition of Mr. L., we despatched our men and mules at 4 A.M., and hired a carriage to take us some thirty miles along a fair road. We started across a wide plain, scantily diversified by a few shrubs and dwarfed trees. The road was heavy, and our driver continually flogged and shouted at the mules which dragged our old-fashioned carriage. Then we climbed up some hills we had to cross in order to reach the road down to the prairie-land of Mendoza. At the top we overtook our animals and halted, for the carriage could proceed no further. Here the view was overpoweringly magnificent. Below us lay an immense tract of softly undulating country, covered with low shrubs and cacti; and away in the far, far east was a flat stretch of misty expanse, which at first I mistook for the sea, but knew must be the wide pampas of the Argentine Republic. Here and there on the hills we saw herds of horses and cattle, and our men had sighted three ostriches and eleven guanacos, the small kind of llama which abounds in the Cordillera, and especially

in Patagonia, and the skins of which make such nice rugs. The ostriches, which are easily tamed, are smaller than the African species and without tail plumes. At about 11 A.M. we were again on horseback and overtook our Chileno friends, one of whom had had a bad fall while crawling over the stony pass the day before, and was suffering much. After passing over some twenty miles of rough steep road, the pampas always in sight, we came to a very neat and clean inn, quite an exception to the preceding ones, where the owners were very kind, all owing, I suppose, to the fact that the landlord had a wife to help him, the first Argentine woman we met with. Her kind welcome made us forget the insolence we had had to endure from her countrymen nearer the frontiers.

The poor wounded Chileno was in such pain that he gave up all idea of proceeding on horseback. Mr. L. bound and doctored him, and then left us, wishing to catch that night's train at Mendoza for Buenos Ayres. He had ordered a carriage to wait for him at the foot of the hills, whence he had still to drive more than forty miles before nightfall. We were sorry to lose him, and I hope to meet him again when I return to Chili.

We took a good lunch, and passed the heat of the day in practising with our revolvers, in which exercise my American friend showed great skill. I had a long conversation with the wounded Chileno, who turned out to be a wealthy farmer from Los Andes, well-bred, and straightforward, and we made friends at once. He lent me one of his horses to ride to Mendoza, as a change from my jogging mule, and sent his friend and a servant along with us, asking us to order him a carriage next day to the nearest point; but I was doubtful if he would not have to rest several days before being well enough to proceed.

At 3 P.M. we started again, passing for three hours through a rich valley, clothed with wild peach-trees, and gay with innumerable flowers; on its steep sides grazed much cattle. From it we issued into open country, gradually descending to join the pampas below. We could trace the yellow line of the road to Mendoza amid the green bushes of the pampas. Far away a dark patch of trees showed where the city of Mendoza lay, and beyond that point, like a troubled sea, stretched the whole vast expanse of flat pasture land, bounded by a level horizon, over which some angry-looking clouds were

gathering. In the middle of the yellow road moved a cloud of dust which we knew to be caused by Mr. L.'s carriage, rolling on to its destination. We made sure he would never catch his train, but found afterwards that he actually did so, owing to its having started two hours behind time. We hastened forward, having still forty miles to ride on tired animals, and part of the time in the dark. When we got into the straight road across the pampas vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the clouds on the horizon, and by the time night fell they had increased in frequency and intensity, accompanied by distant thunder. I have never in my life seen grander or more incessant lightning than that which now lasted for four hours. Sometimes a flash would run in a serpentine line along the horizon; then another would approach the earth and turn back to the clouds; at other moments a whole bunch of forked tongues would dart out of a cloud to the ground, or a broad straight flash would cause us to fear damage to some place or person. By-and-by a hot and stifling wind began to blow towards us; the thunder rolled above, and, except when the lightning flashed, it was so dark that we could not see the road beneath our feet. Now heavy drops of rain began to fall, and wrapping our ponchos closely round us, we made up our minds for a good soaking. For twenty minutes hail and rain poured down upon us unmercifully, the vivid lightning and clashing thunder right overhead proving that we were in the thick of the storm; but our clever animals, undaunted by the fury of a tempest which they never experience in this form in Chili, plodded patiently on, finding their way with the reins lying loosely on their necks. Then the rain ceased, and we saw the stars shining once more, but, during the rest of our journey, we could trace the course of the retreating storm in the distance. The road seemed interminable, and our legs were so benumbed by the wet, though the rest of our bodies had been perfectly protected by our ponchos, that we frequently dismounted and walked to restore the circulation. Finally we reached a long avenue of poplar-trees; several small houses appeared; we heard the barking of dogs or the croaking of frogs, and now and then a lumbering wagon, or a troop of asses on their way across the pampas, would come upon us in the dark like ghosts. Fireflies flitted along the trees, but their flickering light only worried our eyes, already sensitive from the wind, dust,

and vivid lightning. My legs were so stiff that I had to be assisted to dismount when I wished to do so, for I could not throw my leg over the saddle, and I heartily wished myself at the journey's end. Sometimes I fell asleep as I rode, and would awake with a start, nearly losing my balance, so that, when our guides told us we could pass the rest of the night at a roadside inn, and enter the city next morning, I was only too glad to dispense with the luxury of a hotel, and lie down on my wraps, with my saddle for a pillow, in a yard strewn with sleeping men, women, horses, mules, and dogs. There I slept profoundly until the sun was high in heaven and every one astir. We sent for a cab, and drove into town—and a sorry set we looked, with our dusty clothes, sunburnt faces, and dishevelled hair! A bath was a delight, and the contents of our portmanteaus soon set us to rights. Our toils were at an end. The trip from Los Andes had taken me from the Sunday at 4 P.M. until the following Wednesday at midnight. It is seldom done quicker, even when the roads are in a better state, and, considering that the distance is two hundred and thirty-five miles over mountains and rough country, it was quite a creditable performance. Most to be admired are the endurance and skilfulness of the mules, which make this trip, backwards and forwards, almost constantly, during four or five months of the year.

Though combined with many difficulties, and very fatiguing for persons not used to riding and camping out, the trip is well worth making, for the magnificent scenery is a sufficient recompense for the toil, apart from the fact that it shortens the route between Europe and Chili by about a week, for the best line of steamers often takes more than thirteen days between Monte Video and Valparaiso. The expense of the land route is half the steamer fare.

I remained two days in Mendoza, and found it a large place with broad streets bordered with trees and possessing many squares. Some of the houses are really handsome, but all are only one story high, because of earthquakes, which are not frequent here, but violent. In 1863 the whole of the old town was destroyed, and twenty thousand persons perished. I visited the ruins, and found among them a few arches and pieces of masonry, which were the remains of two large churches of solid brickwork. All around lay the *débris* of the fallen houses; the site of the

wrecked city had been deserted, the new town having sprung up beside it. It is surrounded by fertile country, with vineyards and corn-fields, beyond which lies the dry pampa, flat as a billiard-table, and only clothed with tufts of thin grasses. Mendoza has telegraphs, telephones, tramways, and railways running in several directions. The population has lately increased immensely, and one meets with English, Italian, and German workmen at every step. The shops seem to drive a roaring trade, and everywhere new houses are being built. We were glad when, on the appointed evening, we deposited ourselves in the Pullman car. For a wonder the train started punctually at 9 P.M., but while we were congratulating ourselves on this circumstance, we suddenly pulled up about two hundred yards out of the station, and stopped there for a considerable time. During the night we managed to get about three hours behind time. Next day we crawled slowly along at the rate of about twelve miles an hour, stopping at all the small stations to take in water, as it is owing to the scarcity and bad quality of that liquid, and to the use of wood fuel, that the train cannot go faster. The whole route was unvaried; nothing to be seen but loose earth and low shrubs. We were lucky in having had the rain previously, for generally the dust is fearful. It seems a perfectly desert country, except where a few huts stood near the little stations. Sometimes, when the train toiled up a steep incline, we got out and walked alongside, picking wild flowers and pretty pebbles. We passed the small towns of San Luis and Villa Mercedes, similar in aspect to Mendoza. A restaurant car was hooked on to our train at Villa Mercedes, but, though this *sounds* luxurious out in the pampas, it has little charm for the traveller, the fare being bad and ill-served. At night it rained again, and we got wet in our berths. In the morning we were nearing Buenos Ayres; the pampa became more cultivated, the grass-fields were full of cattle, horses, and sheep. At about 11 A.M. we reached the outskirts of the city, passed the enormous cemetery, the parks, and elegant suburbs, and finally ran into the central station, still about three hours behind time. My experience of the tour was sufficiently favorable to decide me to return some four weeks later by the same route, and meanwhile I felt considerable pleasure in being so much nearer to old England.

MAX WOLFFSOHN.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

ON THE CHARACTER OF NERO.

IN the whole history of Rome, whose exordium was two thousand six hundred and forty years ago and whose conclusion seems as far off now as it seemed to the prophetic hopes of Romulus, the period of the twelve Cæsars fascinates with something of a cynical attraction. The delicate, high-minded Virgil had chaunted with zealous faith the Roman Empire; a calm and mighty sway over the nations, correlative to the motion of the stars in heaven and the life of gods. Augustus Cæsar reigns, a present god; himself a man of marble, stately and repellent. Never before had morality so embellished her dominion. Exuberance and bad taste in conduct and in manners were to disappear, as a decent culture led up the Golden Age; moderation, temperance—all the old classical catchwords were to witch the passionate world, civic and barbarian, Eastern and Western, into dignity and repose. But Augustus is caught up, the man of the marble mask, to the nectar and the sacred couches; so at least courtly Horace phrases in anticipation the event of his death. And lo! vanish Virgil and the Golden Age of rusticity tempered with light; from cultured idealities we turn to the things which have found their historian in Tacitus.

De Quincey only, and De Quincey hardly, has discovered how in these emperors the immensity, the wildness of the joke that their position was, mastered and dominated their intellects, stimulated their passions with suggestion, and ran riot through their homely conceptions. "Have I played well my part in life's comedy?" said Augustus, as the curtain fell. Yes, and now call on the satyric drama. If it was a comedy to Augustus, the succeeding years were a history of the development of the joke. Caligula one day burst out laughing. "What amuses you?" said the consuls. "Why!" replied the emperor, "I was laughing at the thought that, if I chose, I could behead you both to-morrow." But perhaps the subjects of Nero would have bitterly envied the facility with which Caligula was amused.

Tiberius, though not a wag, appreciated the jest of empire, but in him it aroused a saturnine sneer. Twice he ordered his attendants and made ready his procession for Rome; twice the obedient fathers mustered to welcome him. He sailed up the Tiber, looked at his capital, and sailed back to solitude and Capri. A funeral was proceeding, and a bystander, addressing

the corpse, said, "Tell Augustus that the legacy he bequeathed to the people has not yet been paid!" Tiberius overheard it, sent for the man, paid him his share in full, and then despatched him to take the receipt to Augustus.

But the strain of empire told upon the boyishness of Caligula; and for Tiberius, too, it was a burden as well as a jest. Of his administration Tiberius is reported to have said, "They may hate so long as they approve." "They may hate so long as they fear," it had become in Caligula's mouth. But Nero, who cared nought for hatred or approval, was the people's darling. Playing his part with a rare appreciation of effect, he works up to the culminating years by degrees and gradual hints. The piece opens with that masterly device, the five Neronian years. He harangues the people in the Campus, with personal panegyrics on the wisdom and sagacity of his eminently foolish predecessor Claudius. From the Campus he goes to the Senate, to assure the fathers of his respect for the constitution; and when they pour out their thanks, he deprecates gratitude, "until I deserve it." At home Burrus, an old soldier, with the irreproachable morals of old soldiers, and Seneca, the rich stoic, guide his youthful steps; while his affection for his mother Agrippina is almost childish. Meanwhile the empire is admirably administered, wise provisions made, constitutional law observed. "Ah! that I had not learned to write," is Nero's ingenuous cry, when required to sign death-warrants.

But little by little the dramatic interest develops. Britannicus, his brother by adoption, a boy of fourteen, is in the way; he is poisoned, thanks to Locusta's art, at a dinner given by Nero. Suetonius records the popular belief, that the motive to the crime was no less a professional jealousy of his voice than a politic fear of his ambition. The first dose only made the boy very sick; whereupon Nero sent for Locusta, and chastised her with his own hand. She excused herself; a stronger dose would have been a quicker method certainly, but a more public. "As if," replied Nero, "the Julian law had terrors for me," and compelled her there and then to concoct the strongest and most effectual mixture she knew. This was offered to a goat; the goat lived five hours, to their great disappointment. But when a draught was produced by their joint efforts which proved the instant destruction of a pig, then an invitation was sent to Britannicus. He fell dead at the

first mouthful. "That epilepsy has carried him off at last," said Nero; and no one contradicted him.

These were strange doings for a model young emperor; but of course Seneca, the stoic, knew of them; there was no cause for alarm. His young pupil does not poison only; he dances, he sings (and that execrably), he produces elaborate euphuistic verse, he drives chariots. Strange and new as it was, what did it matter to the populace? No more than the murders of Agrippina and Octavia, mother and half-sister, since they coincided with schemes for remitting the public taxes. There is no sudden frenzy to account for the growth of crime within Nero; all is orderly, progressive, a conscious rake's progress, from the good young emperor to the crowned victor of Olympia among his *claqueurs*. It may seem strangely perverse that Nero should have been loved, lamented, adored. He killed his mother, he killed men by companies; he even, writes Juvenal, composed an epic poem,—yet he was not loathed, nor an object of repulsion. Great criminals are mainly admired as great, aspiring, possessed. Nero, who was none of these, was not admired but loved. "Even now," says Dion Chrysostom, writing in the time of Trajan, "even now the people long for him to be alive." And women, who could not have given themselves up to the vulgar brutalities of Tiberius, clung with real love to Nero. Poppæa, whom Josephus calls a devotee, a refined nature, with a delicate inclination towards Jewish piety; Acte, whom some have thought a Christian, Nero's first love, and loving him past death; the two nurses who prepared his body for burial; the unknown hands that for years threw flowers on his tomb; all these loved him with varying but with evident love.

The boyish mischievousness of Nero, which moves among its own horrors uncontaminated, was perhaps the trait of his character which made him more lovable than his serious or stupid predecessors. He toyed with horrors like a child unconscious of its cruelty. He looks long upon the naked body of his murdered mother and remarks, "I never knew she was so beautiful." Dion Cassius tells that he chalked the face of dead Britannicus, discolored with the poison,—a mere freak, not a forced compliment to the Julian law.

The remark of Tiberius, when one of his condemned wretches committed suicide in gaol, "Carnulius has escaped me," made his friends shudder. But Nero lightly told the sorrowing relatives of

Plautus whom he killed, that it was only on inspecting the corpse that he had discovered that Plautus had so large a nose; had it been pointed out to him before, he would certainly have spared his life. Life with such a nose would have been ample penance for any crime. One of the charges against Thræsea, miserably done to death, was that he had never heard Nero play the cithara. In his youth Nero was attached to his great-aunt, and went to see her when she was ill in bed. She fondly stroked his face, and teased him about the growth of his beard: "When that wants a barber I shall have lived long enough." Nero at once turned and had himself shaved; then he gave orders to the physicians that his aunt's purgative should be somewhat stronger that day. They obeyed him, and his aunt's omen fulfilled itself. His step-son played at being emperor among his companions. Nero lay in wait for the child and drowned him.

So it is with all the incidents of the Neronian reign. Something grotesque mingles with the abominations. Christian maidens are brought into the staring circus, to be stripped and grouped as Niobes, Dirces, and Danaïdes, in order to gratify the warped æstheticism of the emperor, whom the combination of courage, chastity, and beauty, put to the respective tests of torture, publicity, and criticism, struck as a felicitous experiment. The burning of Rome, that he might witness in spirit by a sympathetic imagination the burning of Troy, the employment of Christians as garden-torches, alike equally point to the leading idea of Nero. If there were monstrous murders in old times, if rulers of antiquity were experts in debauchery, their record must be outdone now. He outstripped his predecessors in all the stage tradition which Augustus handed down. We have noticed his treatment of the Christians; we may compare it with the action of Claudius who "expelled from Rome the Jews, led on by the turbulent Christ," or with Tiberius, whose invention went no further than a plan of employing Christians in all the deadly climates.

Caligula had said he would make his horse consul; but Nero kept a stable of retired circus horses, which he clothed in the Roman toga and pensioned with actual coin from the public treasury. It was Caligula who moralized after drinking a pearl that one should be either frugal or Cæsar. Nero covered Rome with his golden palace, and said at last he was lodged like a human being.

Caligula approaches the true Neronian

spirit when he compels senators in their official garb to run for miles on foot behind his carriage; or dresses them as slaves, and makes them attend his table with their tunics tucked up. But Nero thought a senator's proper place was in the circus. He gave a gladiatorial fight of senators against knights. One Icarus did his best at that entertainment to fly for Nero's amusement, but met with no greater success than his prototype; at his first attempt he fell close to Nero's couch, and bespattered him with his blood. Ordinarily Nero would not speak to senators when he met them in the street; and they could perhaps bear that better than the remark which he dropped casually in Greece to the effect that, when he returned to Rome, he meant to have the whole Senate to dinner and let Locusta arrange the bill of fare. When Vindex was rising in Gaul, the Senate anxiously awaited Nero's commands. For eight days he said nothing whatever; then wrote word that he was hoarse just now, but when he felt better he would come and sing to them again.

He did not treat his officers with greater concern than the Senate. He was present one day at a street brawl and was greatly amused by it; then by way of taking part in it himself, he took up a large tile, and throwing it at the prætor, broke his head. It was to incidents like these, possibly, that he owed his popularity. His conception of the office and function of a tribune grew up in the following manner. He was in the habit of going out at night in disguise for marauding and brawling purposes. One evening he attacked a high-born lady, and her husband, Julius Montanus, not knowing that he was then being honored by a royal visit, met force with force and had the better of the encounter. The next day Nero's face was very much bruised, and he kept within doors for a week or so; but he bore no ill-will to Julius Montanus, until the man was so ill-advised as to present himself with an apology. Nero then dealt with him as his offence demanded; and to guard against such incidents in future, he gave orders that on his midnight expeditions the tribunes should always accompany him at a respectful but reassuring distance.

To the Vestal Virgins—that we may complete the Neronian theory of the constitution—he offered with delicate attention tickets for the games. His appearance on the public platforms or the ring was in many parts, but always resulted in his winning the prize, even on one occasion when he was overturned in the first lap

and unable to finish the race. As a singer he appeared in the following characters: *Œdipus blind*, *Hercules mad*, *Orestes killing his mother*, and *Canace bringing forth a child*. It was a dangerous thing to leave the theatre when Nero was performing, and the ordinary device of the more impatient among the audience was to feign death, and so go out with funeral pomp on the shoulders of four others anxious for release. He had also some of the weaknesses of the musical profession, if *Suetonius* is right in attributing the death of *Burrus*, who sang second in the duets, to a gargle which Nero sent him for his throat.

He was indeed an artist throughout, and an artist to the last. There is an insurrection in Gaul. Nero will go to meet the army, himself unarmed, and will weep before them. *Galba* is marching upon Italy; Nero convokes a council. He will make a reconciliation, high festival shall be held, and songs of triumph sung; "Which," said he, "I must go at once and write," that being, apparently, the part of the imperator. He is in the hut of his faithful freedman *Phaon*; the centurion of cavalry bursts in upon him as the dagger of a slave is through his throat. "Where is your loyalty?" gasps the dying emperor, himself so notable a paragon of stable and ancestral virtues.

Many of this world's actors become raw and amateurish in their exits. But Nero does not miss his cue. "Here dies an artist," he remarks, with an aptness and a humor that is only too rare on deathbeds. He was artist, indeed; but the pity and the grotesqueness lie in the perpetual achievement of the grandiose, the barbaric, the monstrous, when he aimed at merely the beautiful and the colossal. *De Quincey*, whose account of the *Cæsars* reads like a second essay upon murder as a fine art—*De Quincey* rests his hope of an acquittal for Nero upon the essential flagrance of his times, acting upon a temperament touched with insanity. "So," he writes, "this prince, who has so long and with so little investigation of his case passed for a monster or demoniac counterfeit of man, would at length be brought back within the fold of humanity, as an object rather of pity than of abhorrence; and when thus reconciled to our human charities, would first of all be made intelligible to our understandings." *Theophile Gautier* apostrophizes: "*Tiberius*, *Caligula*, *Nero*, mighty, imperial Romans! O you whom the world so little comprehends, at whose heels the rabble-rout of rhetori-

cians is ever barking! I am your fellow-sufferer, and all the pity that is left in me is compassionate towards you!"

It is evident that neither these, nor the other writers who have had their say on Nero, regard him as anything but an extravagance of nature, requiring special pleading or explanation. There is a book, a romance of psychology, which suggests on the problem of human nature thoughts half terrible and half welcome. In his "Marble Faun" Hawthorne conceives a human nature so far inhuman as to be essentially innocent; innocent, that is, not by the accidents of purposed ignorance and seclusion, but by virtue of natural affinities with the conscienceless creatures of the pagan woodland; he is Donatello, the Roman Faun of the present century. The most notable feature of the conception is the purity and whole-heartedness of the original nature; but it is at once remarkable that though a charming isolated individual, Donatello is not a satisfactory type. Fiction has not given us the perfect type of man without morals. In Mr. Stevenson's Mr. Hyde, and in Hawthorne's Donatello there is a lack of intelligence and humanity that are within the reach of bad and good without distinction. They do not live for us as they should; Donatello remains always the Marble Faun, though he moves and has his being; Mr. Hyde is never more than a chemical result.

But in Nero the conditions are satisfied. He lived out his life of flesh and blood, without the knowledge of good as a possible thing having entered his mind nor troubled his innate conception of pure unconscious evil. He did not say, with the great defiance of Satan, "Evil, be thou my good!" Evil was his nature easily, and without other remorse than physical. Nero, emperor of Rome, the beast, since M. Renan will have it so, of the Apocalypse, the great master of death and lust, has sustenance and vitality. It is impossible to light upon anything in the historians who treat of Nero which suggests the working in him of conscience, acceptance of philosophy as a self-justification, moral regret, or moral hesitation. No one can find a plausible place for him in any scheme of salvation. Charles Lamb, in his beautiful childhood, was content to "gaze on the frowning beauty of Nero with wonder;" but if it were our business to measure out the exact degree of horror which his career demands, it would be vain to attempt by any analysis to soften away the picture which we have in the pages of Tacitus, Dion Cassius, and Sue-

tonius. To the mind of Nero's parents, at any rate, these stern veracities were in a way present; to Agrippina, and to the honest, Domitius Ahenobarbus, who exultingly replied to his congratulating friends that from such a father and mother nothing could be born but a deadly curse to the State of Rome.

As they forecast it, so those to whom judgment belongs must judge the life of a man whose memory is a loathing to all other sinners from Jerome to Dean Merivale, because it has no cloak of moral pretence; to whom moral dread was as unknown as physical courage; who had not enough interest in holiness to become its antagonist, but lived with evil in primitive unconsciousness, naked and not ashamed; simply and in a sanctioned phrase, the mystery of ungodliness, but a mystery from which the heart may be plucked with a little fellow-feeling.

JANUS.

From The Leisure Hour.

A NORDFJORD WEDDING.

BY ONE OF THE GUESTS.

THEY that are married, or that intend to take the holy estate of matrimony upon them, may be interested to learn how such important events are managed in Norway by the simple folk whose homes lie on the shores of the Nordfjord. I for one was very anxious to see a Norwegian wedding, so considered myself fortunate to find on the day we arrived at G—— that two weddings were to take place that week in the Lutheran Church close by.

A few mornings after our arrival we were sitting on the balcony of the hotel, which commanded a fine view of the lake, when we heard the distant sound of music across the water, and saw far away, as a speck on the clear bosom of the lake, the boat which contained the bridal party rounding one of the rocky promontories. Nearer and nearer came the boat, and louder and more distinct the music. We hurried to the pier to see them arrive. It was a large boat and held most of the guests except those who joined the party on the shore. Each woman as she stepped on land carried in her hand a *tine* (the little wooden box characteristic of Norway, in which was her contribution to the marriage feast). In the stern sat the bride and groom, hand in hand. How solemn they all looked! Indeed, to the uninitiated the company bore resemblance to a party on their way to the churchyard. Every

one, man and woman, was in black, and the pattern and material of each woman's dress were identical. The elderly matrons wore a black silk scarf over their heads, the younger women and girls handkerchiefs of colored or white muslin, as the Irish peasants do. The dresses were composed of thick woollen stuff, like serge or homespun; full skirts plaited round the waist and falling loose to the ankles. And all were of home manufacture, from the spinning-wheel to the finishing touches of the *modiste*, and as black is the dye easiest procured and surest of success, its general use was accounted for. Of course this rule does not hold good in other districts of Norway; round the Hardanger, for instance, the costumes are as gay and varied as in Switzerland.

When the party landed all retired to the *châlet* close by, where the wedding feast was to take place, and a messenger was despatched to the *praesteger* (rectory), about a mile up the village, to announce the arrival of the bride. An hour later, and the procession was wending its way along the road to the picturesque church with its red-tiled roof. First came the two musicians, whose strains were heard across the water as the boat drew near. Their talents were not marked in any way; I fear even a village concert would hardly have awarded them an *encore*. But for all that the music was sweet and they played with a will. Immediately following came the bride and bridegroom, hand in hand again. Rather "sheepish" he looked, it must be confessed, and no "best man" at hand with a word of encouragement, for in the wake of the bridal pair the women, old and young, collected, leaving the men of the party by themselves to bring up the rear.

A description of the bride is always important. In justice I must own her personal charms were few. On good authority we heard she had seen but four-and-twenty summers, but you might have guessed her nearly twice that age. Like the Swiss women, the Norwegians age early; they work hard in the fields, and even in the building of their houses seem to take more than their proper share of the labor, so that at sixteen the fresh, girlish beauty is gone, and they look *passées*. Our bride was a strong young woman of medium height, whose good-humored face could boast of no beauty, but still was pleasant and kindly in expression. Her headdress was a study in itself! I had often heard of the bridal crowns, and in photographs most picturesque and pretty they look. In reality, the appearance of a

Nordfjord bride when her toilet is complete is grotesque. The hair is all drawn back from the face and hidden by a closely frilled cap; on the top of the head is a soft roll of white muslin, which forms a pad on which rests a crown three pounds in weight. These crowns are silver, and in some instances are adorned with precious stones. They stand about ten inches in height, and resemble the pictures one sees in old-fashioned history-books of the Tudor kings in their regal robes. Fastened to this headdress are colored ribbons—black, red, white, stamped with patterns—which hang round the head, leaving only the very front of the face exposed, and more than anything else add to the quaintness of the costume. Over her shoulders was a large red cape, the trimming of which was remarkable, and would, I think, suit the taste of an Indian squaw. Conspicuous in front hung four small mirrors a child might covet for her doll's house. These were evidently considered an important decoration, for the friend in attendance often rubbed them bright, and watched that no end of ribbon hid them from view.

Arrived at the church gate, a halt was made, and then the good services of the *brude-krone* were put into requisition. As the bridegroom had no "best man," so the bride was without bridesmaids. Our weddings, I fancy, would lose half their charm if they lacked the presence of those who come next in importance to the bride herself. Our brides, too, choose for that office from among their young friends. Exactly the opposite is the rule among the Norwegian peasants. A person is selected as being the oldest acquaintance of the family, and not unfrequently it is the future mother-in-law who occupies the post! Before entering the church this weather-beaten dame carefully brushed the gown of the bride, made sure the crown was all right, and wiped the boots of both bride and groom with a handkerchief. We were surprised on going into the church to see it nearly full. Norwegian churches inside are bare almost to ugliness—wooden buildings painted white, with large, ungainly windows, which, by the way, are not made to open, so that ventilation can only be obtained by means of the two doors. The men sit on one side, the women on the other; but on this occasion the bridegroom took his seat beside the bride. The pastor—who came from the rectory in his cassock, with white ruffe round the neck, as you see in pictures of John Knox—walked up the aisle to the communion-table, and the service began.

We had been at his church the previous Sunday and heard him preach. There was a wonderful charm about the man. We could not understand "the unknown tongue" in which he spoke, but he had goodness stamped in every feature, and his simple earnestness was most impressive. We were able to worship with them the one God and Father of all, and in a new sense to realize the blessedness of "the communion of saints."

The wedding service began with a hymn; it was the air we know as Luther's Hymn, but sung so slowly, and with such a nasal twang, that it sounded like a dirge. Before the conclusion of it the bridal pair left their seats and took their place hand in hand before the rails. The pastor then gave an extempore address which lasted quite fifteen minutes. The subject, I heard, was a homily on the duties of the married state, alluding to the "blameless" and holy lives of Zacharias and Elizabeth, and exhorting them to like faithfulness of conduct. Then followed the mutual vows, as in our service; but the absence of any ceremony with regard to the ring — which is given at betrothal, not marriage — was a great omission.

Kneeling again, the pastor repeated the Lord's Prayer, putting his hand at every sentence alternately on each bowed head, as a bishop does for the rite of confirmation. Then, on his giving the blessing, the ceremony was over. There was no signing of registry-books in the vestry, nor any appearance of nervousness on the part of the bride; both looked stolid and self-possessed as they received the *congratulations* of their friends, and prepared to return to the *châlet* in the same order of procession.

When we got back to our hotel I found an invitation from the bridegroom requesting that we would come to their feast that evening. It was a chance we would not lose, so at seven o'clock we joined the party. The gathering was large. These festivities seem the only amusement the people have, so for miles round they come over mountains and across the fjords to join in the fun. We were told by a Norwegian lady of an amusing custom that exists in some places among these simple folk. It sometimes happens that for years young men come as invited guests to these functions — and bring, of course, a wedding gift on each occasion; but for some unexplained reason — no fault of their own probably — they never take themselves a principal part in the ceremony. The truth at length begins to dawn on these bachelors that they are sadly at a disadvantage,

and that though for years they have been helping their friends to set up house, and given away many *kroners*, their own turn has never come to receive any. Accordingly, what is called a "money wedding" is got up on their behalf, and all the married couples to whom presents have been made come to their house and bring gifts, so that in the end these old bachelors may not be without some compensation — such as it is!

But to return to the bridal party. We were met at the door by the bridegroom, who bade us welcome with many gesticulations, and, in proof of his ready hospitality, insisted on our tasting some native cordial. To avoid offence we submitted to the ordeal. Fortunately the glass in which it was offered was small, and to put it to our lips enough. A dreadful mixture it was to taste. On entering the *châlet* we found ourselves amongst a crowd of peasants, and the heat and smell of the viands were far from pleasant. In the largest room at a long table were seated a number of men and women, who, as we entered, were singing in a slow, monotonous voice a tune not at all festive in its tone. The table was groaning with food. We noticed several basins of the national dish, a kind of porridge over which is poured butter melted to oil. The plates and spoons were alike wood, and there were not a few dishes of their favorite fish compound, a kind of codling, which, covered with soda, is buried for three days, and when dug up is regarded as a *bonne bouche* for the most fastidious.

The hall and stairs were filled with people, so we were glad to get into the open air for a little before going into the neighboring *châlet* to see the dancing. It was a lovely evening, the air clear as Italy, mountains surrounding us on every side,—

Those giants clad in armor blue,
With helmets of a silver hue.

And bright and glistening the "helmets" looked in the July sun. Several children were playing on the grass — funny little figures; the girls were in their long gowns and aprons, facsimiles in dress and style of the mothers and grandmothers close by. They were of all ages, including infants but a few weeks old, brought because their mothers must not lose the "outing." And why should they? The long summer days are too quickly gone, and they will have many months of dark winter to stay indoors. But it was time to make our way to the dancing. I shall never forget the sight. How closely packed they were! Squeezed up in one corner were our

friends the two musicians. Their fingers must have ached, for for hours at a time the tune went on, as round the couples danced. On the cross-beams of the ceiling many youths were seated, who laughed and joked with their friends below. The space allowed for dancing in the centre of the room was small, and all round the walls the guests stood two and three rows deep, waiting to take their turn. The bride was passed from one to the other so that many might share the honor of dancing with her. Sometimes they formed themselves into a figure like the children's game of "thread the needle;" and then it gave the bride as much as she could do to pass under the arch of outstretched hands without injuries to her crown. A gentleman of our party asked if any one could dance the *halling*, and one man amid much laughter volunteered. Starting on his hands and knees, he quickly made a round of the room, and then, springing up, he performed a series of quicksteps in time with the music, flinging his hands over his head in wild fashion, and finishing off with a bound upwards to catch, as it were, the beams of the roof. It is a feat which requires some skill, and a man to be both young and active, to do it well.

It was with reluctance we bade the company farewell and retraced our steps to the hotel. In that crowd of country folk all were so well-behaved, coming forward in their simple fashion to shake hands as we left. There is a home-like feeling with the people that makes one forget they are foreigners, and which adds not a little to the indescribable charm of the country. Simplicity itself in their manners, they are affectionate among themselves, and courteous to strangers. What a pity if the very fact of the visits of us tourists should be the loss of that character, and give rise to a demoralizing craving after English and American "backsheesh"!

We lingered often during the walk back to look behind and listen to the sound of the rude music as it floated through the air. Eleven o'clock had struck, hard as it was to realize the fact in that delicious light. The nights in Norway at this time of year are more beautiful than the days,

If we can call that night, which of the attributes of night
Has none but peace and calmness.

And even an hour later we could see distinctly from our balcony the figures of the dancers as they passed to and fro before the open windows, and could hear the

merry hum of voices borne across the valley.

Happy, homely, old-fashioned Norway! What a pleasure it was to spend a holiday there, laying up a store of health and strength, and to carry back in one's heart a sunny memory to brighten working hours, and give food for many a pleasant chat over the fireside at home.

A. J. HAYES.

From Time.

THE HORSES OF THE PAMPAS.

It would indeed be as impossible to measure the pampas horse by the standard of an English horse as to measure a gaucho by the standard of an ordinary city man. Each man and each animal must be estimated according to the work he is required to do. Putting aside cart-horses and those employed in heavy draught, almost every horse in England, except the cab-horse, is an object of luxury. He has a man to look after him, is fed on regular hay, is never called on to endure much fatigue, carry much weight, still less to resist the inclemency of the weather. He is valued for his speed, for his docility, or merely for his pecuniary value in the market. In the pampas none of these things is of prime importance. We do not require great speed from our horses, we care nothing as to their docility, and their pecuniary value is small. What we do look for, is endurance, easy paces, sobriety, and power of withstanding hunger and thirst. A horse that will carry a heavy man seventy miles is a good horse, one that can do ninety miles with the same weight is a better horse, and if he can repeat the performance two or three days in succession, he is the best, no matter if he be piebald, skewbald, one-eyed, cow-houghed, oyster-footed, or has as many blemishes as Petruchio's own mustang. Talking with some gauchos, seated on the gravel, one starlit-night, before a fire of bones and dried thistles, the conversation fell as usual upon horses. After much of the respective merits of English and Argentine horses, after many of the legends as closely trenching on the supernatural as is befitting the dignity of horsemen in all countries, an ancient, shrivelled gaucho turned to me with, "How often do you feed your horses, Don Roberto, in England? Every day?" Thereupon, on being answered, he said, with the mingled sensitiveness, and fatuity of the mixed

race of Spanish and Indian, "God knows, the Argentine horse is a good horse, the second day, without food or water, and if not he, then the devil, for he is very old." In all countries the intelligent are aware that you can't estimate a horse's goodness by his stature. The average stature of the pampas horses is about fourteen and one-half hands — what we should call a pony in England. In his case, however, his length of loin, his lean neck, and relatively immense stride show that it is no pony we have to deal with, but a horse, of low stature if you will, but one that wants a man to ride him.

Intelligent and fiery eyes, clean legs, round feet, and well-set sloping shoulders, long pasterns, and silky manes and tails, form the best points of the pampas horse. His defects are generally slack loins and heavy head, not the "coarse" head of the underbred horse of Europe, but one curiously developed that may or may not be, as Darwin says it is, the result of having to exert more mental effort than the horse of civilization. Of his color, variable is he; brown, black, bay, chestnut, piebald, and grey, making a kaleidoscopic picture, as on the dusty plains, or through the green *monte* (wood) a herd of them flash past, with waving tails and manes, pursued by gauchos as wild and fiery-eyed as they. As on the steppes of Russia, the plains of Queensland and Arabia, the trot is unknown. To cross a pampa loaded with the necessities of desert life, without a path to follow, it would be a useless pace. The slow gallop and the jog trot, the *paso castellano* of the Spaniards, the *rhakran* of the Turks, is the usual pace. The pacer of the North American, the ambler of the Middle Ages, is in little esteem upon the pampas. You spur him, he does not bound; he is a bad swimmer. As the gaucho says, "he is useless for the *lazo*, though perhaps he may do for an Englishman to ride." *Manso como para un Ingles* (Tame enough for an Englishman to ride) is a saying in the Argentine provinces.

Where did these horses come from, from where their special powers of endurance? How did these special paces first characterize them, and how is it that so many of the superstitions connected with them are also to be found amongst the Arabs? My answer is unhesitatingly, from the Arabs. All the characteristics of the Arabs are to be observed in the Argentine horses; the bit used is that of Turkey and Morocco, the saddle is a modification of the Oriental one, and the horses, I think, are in like manner de-

scended from those in Barbary. It is pretty generally known that the conquest of America, was rendered much easier to the Spaniards by the fact that they possessed horses and the natives had never seen them. Great, well-watered, grassy plains, a fine climate, and an almost entire absence of wild beasts — what wonder, therefore, that the progeny of the Spanish cavalry horses has extended itself (in the same way as did the horses turned loose at the siege of Azov in the sixteenth century on the steppes of Russia) all over the pampas, from the semi-tropical plains of Tucuman and Rioja right down to the Straits of Magellan? Spanish writers tell us that Cordoba was the place from which the conquerors of America took most of their horses. To ride like a Cordobese was in the Middle Ages a saying in Spain (and such it has remained to this day). Cervantes makes one of his characters say "he could ride as well as the best Cordobese or Mexican," proving the enormous increase of horses in the New World even in his time, not much more than a hundred years after the conquest. In the plains of Cordoba, to this day, large quantities of horses are bred, but of a very different stamp from their descendants of the pampas. Where then did the original stock come from? Cordoba was the richest of the Moorish kingdoms of Spain in the thirteenth century. It was directly in communication with Damascus. Thus there is little doubt that the Cordobese horses were greatly improved by the introduction of Arab blood. However, Damascus was a long way off, and the journey a difficult and a dangerous one. It therefore seems more probable to me that most part of the Cordobese horses came over from Barbary. A remarkable physical fact would seem to bear out my belief. Most horses, in fact almost all breeds of horses, have six lumbar vertebræ. A most careful observer, the late Edward Losson, a professor in the Agricultural College of Santa Catalina near Buenos Ayres, has noted the remarkable fact that the horses of the pampas have only five. Following up his researches, he has found that the only other breed of horses in which a similar peculiarity is to be found is that of Barbary. Taking into consideration the extreme nearness of the territories of Andalusia and Barbary, and the constant communication that in Mahomedan times must have existed between them, I am of opinion that the horses of the pampas are evidently descended from those of Barbary.

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